THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of Ireland's Noted Writers of the Present Day.

Edmund Downey, the Foremost of Irish Humorists and a Novelist of the First Class.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

One of the most peculiar traits of Irish genius is its versatility, and this was never better exemplified in any person than in the subject of this sketch. Like one of his famous predecessors, Samuel Lover, who won fame as a poet, painter, dramatist, musician and lecturer, as well as a humorist, Mr. Downey finds his talent capable of covering more than one field. He is best known by his racy Irish peasant stories, which he puts into the mouth of his familiar Dan Banim, and which he wrote under the name of F. M Allen. These works, published by the author himself, have had a phenomenal sale not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in this country. "The Voyage of the Ark" reached the highest point in 25,000 copies: the next largest sale was that of "Through Green Glasses," which reached 21,000; and there were 14,000 copies of "From the Green Bag." His House of Tears" reached 20,000 copies, and "Anchor Watch Yarns" nearly 8,000 copies.

Edmund Downey was born in the City of Waterford, the "Urbs Intacta," in July, 1856. He was educated in his native city, and in 1879, after a short stay in Dublin, went to London and settled there. He became the editor of *Tinsley's Magazine*, which position he held for several years and became associated with the Tinsleys in business. In 1884 he started the firm of Ward & Downey, which published many successful works. In 1891 Mr. Downey retired from this firm owing to a dispute which involved a long and tedius lawsuit, and last fall recommenced business under the firm name of Downey & Co. He is now located at No. 12 York street, Covent Garden, W.C., London, and in his announcements of books to be issued for the coming season are several works by prominent authors.

In the "Irish Literary Revival," by W. P. Ryan, we find an account of Mr. Downey that will be of interest to the reader. "Edmund Downey," says Mr. Ryan, "has immortalized the humor of the Waterford peasant. Since coming to London in 1878 (at the age of 22) he has brought that peasant on the literary stage in many moods and disguises. He trips across the stage in sea stories, he is a land-smeller, a chronicler of anchor-watch apparitions, an ancient mariner or modern 'or'nary seaman.' The author of 'Through Green Glasses' and 'Green as Grass' delights in the incongruous, and loves to play fantastic tricks before high history, especially that of Ireland. How often have we laughed at that king with the rope-tied crown, the man who had to brave the 'Ordeal by Griddle,' or that early British sovereign who considered it extreme bad taste in a man to don a fresh coat of white-wash every year! Those whr have had the good fortune to hear such stories read by the author himself, have carried away even more pleasant recollections of their fun and facetiousness. Downey is one of the most Irish of our recent writers. He has full knowledge of the people; his peasants speak and act as we have known them to speak and act every day. The brogue, the characteristic twists and turns of expression, the happy-go-lucky airiness, the droll imaginativeness of local life, he has caught up without semblance of effort. This is only one side of his power. Weird shapes and cries have haunted us from his 'House of Tears,' shapes which his other books, wherein he brings us to a House of Laughter, cannot wholly drive away. He possesses the dramatic faculty in a high degree. His studies of Irish life have been far and away more searching than any of his books have yet revealed. Once in a while he will sketch for you in bold outline the sort of a novel he would like to write. None of his published books could approach it. Kindling with the subject and the prospect he goes on and on, till you must needs exclaim, 'Why, this is the sort of an Irish novel we have been waiting for this many a year.' He will laugh and tell you that one cannot always select his best and favorite subjects. I have no doubt given a fair reading public in Ireland, and a fair field for a genuine Irish novelist, the author of 'Through Green Glasses' might give us Irish fiction of a kind that would agitate readers and critics for a long time to come."

A glance at the works of Mr. Downey will convince the reader that the foregoing encomium is not mere flattery. His "Anchor Watch Yarns" and Capt. Lanigan's Log" are equal to anything written by that famous producer of sea stories, W. Clark Russell. In the latter book Mr. Downey is at his best in this style of story. He depicts the trials of an Irish captain, as told by himself, and the amount of incidents crowded into the work, without overloading it, is marvelous. The author shows his power in one of the later chapters, where he relates how Capt. Lanigan took charge of a crew of West Indian negroes, all of whom were possessed of characteristic Irish names and who insisted upon celebrating the 17th of March in genuine Irish style. It is extremely funny in this portion and then veers around like the wind to an intensely dramatic scene where the survivers of a wreck are taken off their vessel in a terrific storm. The humor of Downey, however, will not let a chance slip to make even such a scene ridiculous, for no sooner is the crew brought aboard than Lanigan finds a persouage named Fogarty, who is his bete noir.

"Through Green Glasses," although not reaching the highest scale, is perhaps the most popular of Mr. Downey's works. His story, "From Portlaw to Paradise," which is one of the stories in the volume, is one of the cleverest and most comical Irish sketches that has ever been published and is a very fair specimen of Mr. Downey's handicraft. Like this volume, "From the Green Bag" is a collection of humorous Irish sketches. There is nothing funnier in the book, however, than the introductory sketch of Dan Banim and his penance. The latter had been ill with rheumatism and called in the priest, who gave him as a penance the task of making the round of the stations of the cross on his knees. We will let the author tell how Dan made his pilgrimage:

Three days after the priest's visit Dan felt sufficiently recovered to leave the house, and then he knew that the dreaded hour of his pilgrimage was not far off. As he was putting on his battered old hat a light seemed to break in npon him. Firstly, he smiled: then in a few seconds he chuckled; and in a few seconds more he burst into laughter. "I have it!" he cried. "I have it! Who will I thrust? Let me see. I think I may take Tom Delaney into me confidence. He's a cunnin' and a knowledgable youngsther, and fond of a lark."

Tom Delaney was a smart looking youth, who loved nothing so much as to sit and listen to Dan. He had heard Banim's stories over and over again, and he frequeutly contributed a good working basis for a new yarn by giving Dan scraps of historical and biographical information he was acquiring at "night school." "They're crammin' your head wud useless knowledge, my boy," Dan would often say; but for all that he invariably listened, with simulated impatience, to the youth's unadorned tales. Dan sent a message to young Delaney that he wished to see him on most important business, and about 7 o'clock Tom made his appearance, and found Banim rocking himself to and fro on a three-legged stool placed in front of a small, bright fire.

"Bravo, Dan!" he exclaimed. "I'm proud to see you on your feet wance more."

"I am not on my feet at all," growled Dan, who was in a very exacting mood. "Don't you see I'm confined te a sate yet?"

"Begor, you don't seem to be in the best of humor," laughed the youngster. "What's troublin' you now?" he asked, seating himself on the edge of the settlebed; "are you in pain still?"

"Faix, I have a pain in mind," answered Dan, stooping for the poker and digging it viciously into the fire, "that 'ud puzzle a Quaker."

"I never saw you so disthressed before," said young Delaney. "What is it at all that ails you?"

"I'm orphered to do a job," murmured Dan, "that 'ud put the Seven Champions of Christendom to the pin of their collars if they suffered as much from the rheumatics an' felt as stiff in the joints as I do."

"What's the job, Dan?"

"I'm goin' to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, like my friend Richard Core-de-Lion."

"How are yo goin' to get there?" asked Delaney, humoring his patron.

"In a wheelbarrow," answered Dan gruffly, raking the poker in an absent-minded way along the lower bar of the fire-grate.

Young Dan felt that he could not follow the wanderings of Dan's mind further, so he shifted the conversation.

"I started a new book at the night-school last evenin'," said he; "a Latin book."

"There's a dale of undherhand maynin' in them Latin books," sneered Dan. "If I had a son I'd take mighty good care he never pizened himself wud such ingnorant branches of larnin'."

"Oh, I think this is a tip-top book," said young Tom. "It's all about fightin' and murdherin', I believe."

"What's the name of it?" asked Dan, showing a spark of interest.

"Saiser!" said young Delaney. "Did you ever hear of him?"

"Saiser!" says Dan. "Of coorse I heard of him, an' to the best of my belief I met him wance upon a time when he was head-cook and bottle washer on a furrin steamboat."

"Were you ever inthroduced to him then?" asked young Delaney, indulging in a wink behind Banim's back.

"I won't go so far as to say he was inthroduced to me," said Dan; "but I can recall him now, purty well. He had a fine curly head of hair, if I remember right. What have he to say for himself in Latin?" he asked, looking over his shoulder at Delaney, "for to the best of my memory he couldn't ax for a dhrink in plain English."

"I don't know much about him yet, for I've only got through wan chapther. He starts off by sayin', 'All Gaul's divided into three parts.'"

"Then he's the divil's own liar to start off wud," said Dan, "for I can safely swear that my gail wasn't divided into three parts durin' the past week or two—except aich part was multiplied before the division came in. So you see what it is to be dependin' on Saisers!" said Dan with infinite contempt.

"Look here, young Tom," he went on, throwing aside the mask of indifference which he almost invariably assumed in young Delaney's presence, "I want you to do me a turn tonight that'll bring more reward to you than attendin' your night school and crammin' yourself wud double-maynin' branches of knowledge. Go and borrow a wheelbarrow on the quiet, and meet me wud it at Father Pat's church at 10 o'clock to the minute. Don't ax no questions now, but see that the axle is well grased, an' put as much hay into the well of the barrow as you can cram into it. Go off now like a dacent boy, an' laive your night school to do wudout you wance in a way, an' maybe you'll earn a feather-bed for yourself in heaven, for assistin' the poor in sperit to perform a divil of a hard penance."

Tom did not ask questions about the use to which the wheelbarrow would be put but he had a shrewd suspicion how it would be utilized. He shook the old man by the hand and left him, promising to be at the church at the appointed hour.

During the day Dan had gone to the clerk of Father McCarthy's church and asked him to lend him the keys at night after the church had been closed. He had informed him he had a "heavy" penance to get through, and he didn't like that he should be observed during the performance. The clerk knew he would be safe in trusting Dan with the keys, so he promised to lend them.

At 9 o'clock the clerk locked up the church and on his way home left the keys at Banim's house. About 10 o'clock Dan had re-opened the church and after gazing up and down the street, he gave a low whistle.

In a few minutes a young man, trundling a wheelbarrow before him, approached the door of the church.

"Aisy, bad luck to you!" cried Dan in an angry tone. "This noise you are makin' wud that ould barrow is enough to wake up all the sperits in the churchyard. Why didn't you grase the wheel properly?"

"Is it all right?" asked Tom Delaney, ignoring Dan's query about the grease.

"'Tis!" replied Dan. "Rowl it in here. Quietly, now. Take it aisy, bad luck to you! If this was ever to come to Father Pat's ears I'd never get pace or aise in this world or the next."

Delaney rolled the barrow into the dark, silent church, and Dan closed the door from the inside.

"Is there plenty hay in it?" asked Dan, feeling the well of the barrow.

"A stone of it at the laste," chuckled Delaney. "You'll be more comfortable than in the feather-bed you promised me, Dan."

The barrow was then rolled up to the first "station" and Dan was lifted into the barrow by his companion. The old man settled himself into a comfortable kneeling posture on the hay and fervently recited his first instalment of Paters and Aves. When he finished these he turned his head around—his hands still folded in the attitude of prayer—and gravely addressed young Delaney.

"Be study, Tom, be study," he cried. "an' don't be grinuin' there like a baboon. If you make a laughin' matther of this pilgrimage you'll never airn that fine soft bed I promised you; and be the hole of me coat if you run foul of any chairs or forms or other obsthructions to the navigation, I'll be your enemy for life."

"All right, Dan; all right," chuckled young Delaney; "I'll thransport you as tendherly as little Jimmie Murphy thransported King James."

"O, whisht, you bla'guard," said Dan. "an' don't be comparin' me wud an ould historical monarch. Come, start the barrow to the next station, and keep a firm grip of the handles, at wance, for the knees of me won't hould out if you keep discoorsin' here much longer."

Next day Dan waited upon Father McCarthy and informed that unsuspecting gentleman that he had faithfully performed the allotted penance—"every fut of of the road on my bended knees, your reverence; an' indeed it was only by a fair meracle that the ould joints of me held out again' the murtherin' heavy strain that was put upon 'em."

"The Voyage of the Ark," Dan Banim's account of the adventures of Noah, his eldest son Shemus, "christened afther a fosther brother of his livin' in the bordhers of the county Watherford," and the rest of the family of the patriarch, from the beginning of the flood until its subsidence and the landing of the ark on one of the round towers in the county Waterford, is quite as unctuous in its fun as "From the Green Bag," and lovers of racy Irish tales can get more enjoyment for a shilling, for such is the price of either book, out of one of these works than from any volume I have ever seen.

In the "House of Tears" Mr. Downey has produced a book that is the extreme opposite of all his other works, and but for the link furnished by his sea-stories, might well be mistaken for the work of another writer. It is of that weird style which has fascinated readers of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and of Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue." In the many strange characters drawn by the author we have quainter personages than have been produced by any Irish authors of the present day. It is intense in its strain, and so vividly are the pictures drawn of scenes of horrible villainy that I would strongly advise a person of weak nerves not to read the book as a sedative at bed-time. It is more dramatic in style, and more imaginative than "Sherlock Holmes," and were it better known in this country it would become quite as much of a sensation. Another of Mr. Downey's serious novels, though not in so exciting a vein, is "The Merchant of Killogue," which has been published in this country by P. F. Collier, 523 West Thirteenth street, New York city. It is a picture of Irish life of the present day, and is up-to-date in every particular. It is domestic in style, with a little dash of politics stirred in for flavor. Thoroughly racy of the soil, well written from beginning to end, it will be a welcome addition to the shelves of any library. It is published in the "Once a Week Library," a series of books whose price is so low that they are within the reach of every one.

Mr. Downey has a comic history of England, written from Dan Banim's point of view, in preparation, and his friends are anxiously awaiting its coming from the press. He will give considerable space to Jack Cade, who was a Waterford man, like Mr. Downey, and the only Irishman who ever conquered England. A busier man than Mr. Downey would be hard to find. While actively engaged in turning out book after book he manages his own business affairs, which are no small charge, reading and examining personally all the books and manuscripts sent to him for publication, and then finds time to exert an active interest in the Irish literary movement. We would like to see more novels of the serious style from his pen. He is capable of producing a work that will win golden laurels, not only for him but for the entire school of Irish novelists of the present time.

NASHVILLE NATIONALISTS.

They Celebrate the Emmet Anniversary in an Enthusiastic Manner.

A Pleasing and Patriotic Programme—The Oration of the Evening by Mr. James Killelea.

Simmons' hall was packed to its four corners last night, says the Nashville *American* of March 5, by one of the most representative gatherings of Irish-American citizens ever seen in Nashville, met to celebrate a day dear to the heart of every son of dear old Ireland, Robert Emmet's birthday. There was an enthusiasm, there was a flow of Irish wit and humor, of Irish patriotism; there was a firm friendship and cheery cordialty throughout the entire evening that was good to look at, to feel and to be a part of. There were old men present whose locks were silvered with time, but whose hearts still beat warm and bright for the old country. There were young men present, born in this country and in Nashville, but whose hearts have delighted from infancy in the quaint legends of the land of their fathers, the patriotism of many of its heroes and greatest of all the martyrdom of Robert Emmet, known to history as the Irish patriot, but to Irishmen as the man who died for his country and his friends. There were old ladies there, whose sympathies and sentiments were those of the aged husband or brother, and last, but not least, there were bonny sweethearts in abundance, a sight of whom would allow no one to "Long to see the girl I left behind."

The occasion was under the auspices of the Hibernian Benevolent Society. The programme was arranged and selected with the best of taste, and was rendered with eminent ability. Mr. Charles P. Hogan, as master of ceremonies, presided in a manner acceptable to all, and adding much to the pleasure of the occasion.

The programme rendered was as follows: "Emmet's Last Words," song by [illegible] quartette, composed of Messrs. Prendergast, Connor, Jordan and Hogan; vocal solo, James J. O'Hare; banjo solo, Tim O'Connor; vocal solo, "Kerry Dance," J. P. Cooney; reading, E. B. Martin; vocal solo, "Come Back to Erin," Prendergast; reading, M. J. McCormack; vocal solo, George Connor; remarks, our Chaplain; vocal solo, M. J. Sullivan; duet, Jordan brothers; vocal solo, M. J. Laffey; address, by James A. Killelea; vocal solo, Father O'Neill; trial scene from play of Robert Emmet: Emmet, Charles P. Murphy; Lord Norbury, M. J. Martin.

The address of Mr. Killelea, as president of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, was the feature of the evening. It was listened to with marked attention and greeted with bursts of applause. Mr. Killelea said:

"A few days ago the people of one of the world's mighty nations celebrated with booming guns and flying colors the birthday of one to whom, under God, the American people attribute all their greatness and all their prosperity, for it was the flash of his sword that lighted their fathers' path to liberty.

"Massive in figure, rough hewn in character, George Washington was one whose heroic proportions of mind and body forbid the consideration of minute defects. The hammer of the Continental congress, he smashed the British crown and pitched its fragments into the Atlantic wave. Rising above the selfish ambition of a Bonaparte, he preferred the simple dignity of the American citizen to all the tawdry trappings of proffered royalty.

"With the valor of the soldier, he combined an honest heart, a clear intellect and a strong frame, fittingly the personification of liberty triumphant. While the flame of patriotism glows within the human breast and freemen dare be free, so long shall the memory of Washington live to cheer the patriot and point the road to liberty.

"There is another name dear to the hearts of freemen; the name, not indeed, of one wearing the laurels of victory on his brow, but one who bears the martyr's palm; of one who illustrated in his life and death the saying of the Savior, 'Greater love hath no man shown than this, that he gave up his life for his friend.' Ireland was Robert Emmet's friend, and for Ireland he gave up rank and wealth; for Ireland he sacrificed his beautiful dream of purest love; for Ireland he died.

"For this we love him and for this, on each recurring anniversary of his birth, his memory is honored by the scattered sons of Erin, be they under the snow-laden pines of the North, beneath the sweet-smelling jessamine of Southland, away where Pacific waves ripple on the golden sands of the Occident, or where Atlantic's icy billows wash the cradle-lands of American liberty.

"Emmet was tried and convicted on Sept. 19, 1803, and hanged on a temporary scaffold erected in Thomas street, Dublin.

"Thus died Robert Emmet.

"His speech in the dock is familiar through the school books of America—one, the closing passage of which, I shall alone mention in conclusion. It is this: 'I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion and my tomb remain uninscribed until other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.'"

THE RAPPAREE.

Donal Oge O'Cahan sits high amid Sawell's snow,
The woodlands wide of Glenconkeine and the valleys lie below,
And of all the fair land and the far on which he looketh down,
There is not one acre left to him by the knaves from London town.

They have meted out the pasture lands Bann river windeth through,
Their flocks have fed from the northern sea to where Foyle is broad and blue;
They have claimed the salmon that leap in the streams and shine through the waves on the shore,
And have built a church of foreigners where Saint Columb knelt before.

There is not one acre left to him, nor to any lord of his line,
No house at Enagh or Faughan Vale, no cattle in Glenconkeine;
No ship on the wide ancestral lough to sail o'er the Scottish sea,
And the son of chiefs in the land of his sires is a homeless Rapparee!

Donal is slender and young and tall, and fair is his boyish face,
But the blood of heroes is in his veins, he comes of a fiery race:
And the rage of hate is in his heart, and the curse that hath power to kill,
For the foreigners who have hewn the oaks on Columb's holy hill.

Lo! He hath kindled a signal fire, high amid Sawell's snow:
It flameth far into Faughan Vale, and far o'er the rushing Roe;
And he hath girt a sword to his side, and mounted a prancing grey,
And there shall be mourning of Londoners ere dawn of the winter day.

And out at sight of the signal fire, from forest and mountain den,
Have come to follow O'Cahan's ride a troop of his outlawed men.
For he who hath never a roof to his head nor where to stable his steed,
Hath a remnant left of his faithful clan on a plundering raid to lead.

What way have they taken from the height, through the darkness and the snow,
Oh, was it westward through Faughan Vale, or northward along the Roe?
Ah, well the Londoners have marked the tracks of O'Cahan's way
At night by the light of their burning homes, at dawn in the ashes grey!

IRIS OLKYRN.

NOTE—Sawell, the highest peak of the Dungiven Mountains, overlooks the valleys of the Faughan and Roe rivers, and sentinels Glencoukeise, the wooded tract of country running between the mountain from O'Cahan's country, the present county Derry, to Dungannon, in the territory of the O'Neills. From Glenconkeine and the Dungiven Mountain we picture the outlawed Irish riding out to plunder the settlers on the City of London's estates.—*United Ireland.*

ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL.

The pretty and spacious Rosalie Hall, Fifty-seventh street and Jefferson avenue, Hyde Park, was crowded to its utmost capacity by the friends of St. Thomas court, C. O. F., on Monday evening last. Among the new features introduced the members of St. Thomas court made their debut as minstrels of colored semi-circle. The untiring chief ranger, Bro. F. R. Bagley, is entitled to much credit for his efforts towards the amusement of the many friends of the Hyde Park Foresters. Able assistants to Bro. Bagley were found in the genial physician of the court, Dr. J. O'Sullivan, as well as Bros. M. C. Ryan, E. Ahern, Alex. Bagley and many other, while receiving kindly sympathy and sound advice from the elders, notably Bros. P. F. Ryan, Thomas McDermott, Haggerty, Chambers, O'Brien, Mulvihill and Gleason. The result of all this co-operative harmony was an event without precedent for enthusiasm, for talent and brilliancy in the Catholic circles of Hyde Park.

The first number was a rendition of choice violin selections by Miss Alice McDermott, accompanied on the piano by Miss May Mott, which was rewarded by hearty applause, and followed by Dr. McCord's song, with guitar accompaniment, in which the touch and skill of the gentleman was much appreciated. A duet, "Life's Dream Is O'er," was rendered by Miss Josephine Cummings and Miss May Keary with much merit, and the voices of the ladies gave evidence of musical promise and careful training. Then followed the address delivered by Bro. John T. Keating, who welcomed the visitors on behalf of St. Thomas court. The speaker referred to the progress of the Order since the gathering in the same hall a year before, as one where the merits of the young men were appreciated and where the older members had confidence in the ability and dash of the younger, and fearlessly entrusted the highest offices in their gift to the rising generation. He instanced in support of his statement the present High Court officials, and paid a glowing tribute to High Chief Ranger Thomas H. Cannon and High Secretary Thiele, while coming nearer home he spoke of the work of the chief ranger of St. Thomas court, Bro. F. R. Bagley, whose merit was appreciated by the large audience present, and whose work would be felt in all the Forestic courts of Hyde Park.

Mr. Keating spoke of the approaching anniversary of the first crusade, quoting the words of Pope Urban II. at Clonfert in 1095, when the temporal head of the church advised his representatives as follows: "Go on your errand of love which will put out of sight all the ties which bind you to the spots which you call your homes. Your homes in truth they are not. For the Christian all the world over is exile, and all the world is at the same time his country." The speaker said the Catholic Forester was the crusader of modern days, having for his insignia the same red cross, for his inspiring war cry, "God wills it." The motto of the order, Faith, Hope and Charity, was referred to and explained. The cosmopolitan features of the order was dwelt on briefly, and the speaker drew the attention of the audience to the fact that St. Patrick's Day was the anniversary of the first victory won by the Continental troops in 1776, at Boston, under command of Gen. Sullivan. Paying some compliments to the work of the Irish-American in the cause of the holy church and our glorious Republic, Mr. Keating spoke of the effect of the work of St. Patrick on the civilization of Western Europe and their efforts which assisted to check the onset of Paynim unbelievers in Southern France and Spain. He closed with reference to the Catholic lady Foresters, and said the same voice which called St. Patrick over fourteen hundred years ago, the same need for unselfish, untiring work for holy faith and our people, calls and exists today. We may attempt to still that call, we may close our eyes to that necessity, but only for a time, and I say this especially to the younger people of our community, that the sooner they enlist themselves in our ranks the less regret for wasted opportunities will they have to repine over in the autumn of their lives. To those young men I now call on behalf of St. Thomas court and the great order of which it is a part, I call on them even as the Angel Victor called on St. Patrick, come to us, work with us, to save and be saved.

After the address part two of the programme was as follows, the minstrel troupe being members of St. Thomas court:

Bones, E. Ahern, J. McGowan. Tambourine, M. C. Ryan, E. C. Twohill. Interlocutor, F. R. Bagley. Opening Chorus, "Thomas Court Minstrels." C. Twohill. Song, "Dark Clouds Away," Mr. Eugene Ahern. Guitar and Mandolin selections, Dr. J. O'Sullivan and Dr. W. B. McCord. Song, "Rory Darling," Mr. Alex. Bagley. Song, "Alabama Coon," Mr. M. C. Ryan. Song, "Mary Blane," Mr. J. Parlan. Finale, The Great Hitters, Sam, M. C. Ryan; Mose, E. Ahern.

Every member was excellent in his part and merited the applause of which the audience was so lavish. Messrs. Twohill, Parlan and Alex. Bagley were in splendid voice, and received warm encores. The bones and tambourine men kept the fun flying across the stage without mixing any stale or moth-eaten jokes, while Bro. F. R. Bagley was at home in the interlocutor's chair. I have witnessed many amateur minstrel performances but failed to note any superior in talent or wit to that presented by the members of St. Thomas court in Rosalie hall. The managers deserve the warmest encomiums for their work and its result. At the conclusion of the entertainment dancing commenced, and was kept up until an early hour. The grand march was headed by Chief Ranger Bagley and Mrs. John P. McGoorty.

SHAUN.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

TWO SECTIONS VOID

OF THE ILLINOIS ANTI-SWEAT SHOP SYSTEM.

Section That Prohibits Women Working More Than Eight Hours Declared an Abridgment of the Right of Contract, and the One Providing Salaries Passed in an Illegal Manner.

MOUNT VERNON, Ills., March 15.—There has been filed in the office of the clerk of the supreme court an opinion in the case of William Ritchie vs. the people, error to Cook county. This was a suit to test the constitutionality of what is known as the sweat shop or eight-hour law passed by the general assembly of 1893. The act provided for the appointment of inspectors and for the inspection of factories, sweat shops, etc. One section of the act made it a misdemeanor for a woman to be employed for more than eight hours in any one day.

Made a Question of Right of Contract.

The bill also appropriated $20,000 for salaries of inspectors. Ritchie with eight others was arrested and fined for working female employes more than eight hours a day, and prosecuted a writ of error to the supreme court. The constitutionality of the entire act was attacked, but the supreme court holds that but two sections are void. Section 5 says that no female shall be employed in any factory or workshop more than eight hours in any one day or forty-eight hours in any one week. The court holds that a woman has the same right as a man to make contracts, and that it is an infringement upon her rights guaranteed by the constitution to say that she cannot work as many hours in the day as she may be inclined to.

Appropriation in the Wrong Bill.

The right of two persons with the ability to contract upon any lawful subject cannot be abridged by any legislative enactment. The police power of the state does not extend that far. The court adds that this opinion is not to imply that section 5 would be invalid if it was limited in its terms to females who are minors. The other section held invalid is the paragraph of the act, which appropriates $20,000 for the salaries of the inspectors. The court holds that the salaries of all state officers must be included in an appropriation bill from which all other subjects are excluded, and that the factory inspectors are officers of the state.

Solons Will Probably Mend the Defect.

As the general assembly is now in session section 5 will probably be replaced with one prohibiting the employment of females under 18 years more than eight hours in any one day, as the court has indicated that such a section would be legal. The cases are reversed and remanded to the criminal court of Cook county, with directions to dismiss the prosecution. Of all the labor legislation of recent years this act is the only one which has been sustained even in part by the supreme court.

FATAL FIRE AT TOLEDO.

The Walls of a Roundhouse Fall and Bury Twelve Men.

TOLEDO, O., March 18.—The roundhouse of the Wabash Railroad company in this city, located at the foot of South street on the dock front, burned to the ground. Three-quarters of an hour after the first alarm was sent in the southwest wall of the building, 60 feet in circumference, fell in, burying twelve men underneath it. Two of them were instantly killed, a third died a short time after being taken out of the debris, and the others were all badly hurt, one probably fatally. All but one, John Bowen, were employes of the Wabash. The dead are: R. H. Bohlman, skull crushed, internally injured; J. J. Preston, back broken, skull crushed killed instantly; John Bowen, skull crushed, internally injured, killed instantly.

WILL CAUSE SPAIN TROUBLE IF TRUE.

One of Her Gunboats Sinks an American Vessel with Its Crew.

KEY WEST, Fla., March 18.—The latest report is to the effect that a Spanish gunboat, Arced, fired into and sank an American schooner off Puerto Padre. It is reported that the crew of the vessel, numbering sixteen persons, perished with it.

Black Eye for Option Dealing.

CHICAGO, March 19.—Judge Tuley has handed down a decision which is a step in advance of any yet filed affecting the question of option dealing on the board of trade or stock exchange. If the decision is upheld the methods of brokers will have to be revised. It will not be enough that a broker's clients may agree to take stock, but all the facts and circumstances must justify the conclusion on the part of the brokers that a person dealing has the capacity and in good faith intends to take and pay for the same. If the decision should be carried to its legitimate conclusion it would tend to break up the whole business.

President Home from His Duck Hunt.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The president and party have reached the city on the lighthouse tender Violet. There were Mr. Cleveland and Dr. O'Reilly, his physician; Commander Lamberton, superintendent of the lighthouse district, and Commander Wilde, the secretary of the lighthouse naval board. Of the ten days the party was out but two were actually spent in hunting birds, owing to the weather. In that time the party shot 10 brant, 41 ducks, and twelve snipe. Only two brace of the largest of each were taken from the vessel. The president looked well, and said his outing had done him good.

Income Tax Returns Coming In.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—A large number of income tax returns are being received at the internal revenue bureau by every mail, and the work of examining, extending, and filing them is well in hand and is going forward without any hitch. Nearly all of the collectors throughout the country have made their February reports. They show a very satisfactory acquiescence on the part of income tax payers in all the regulations governing the collection of the tax.

Colombian Revolution Ended.

COLON, March 19.—A telegraph message received here from President Caro, dated Bogota, announces that the revolution in the republic of Colombia is ended. The triumph of General Reis, the commander of the government forces, over the rebels has been complete, the decisive engagement having been fought near Medaga, in the department of Santander. The rebels, numbering 3,000, who were

GRESHAM'S STRONG WORDS.

Text of the Message Sent to Minister Taylor at Madrid.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The most belligerent message dispatched by this government to a foreign power since the memorable controversy between the Harrison administration and the Chilians has been conveyed through Minister Taylor by Secretary Gresham to the minister of foreign affairs at Madrid. It is a follows:

"TAYLOR, MINISTER, MADRID: This department is informed that on the 8th inst. the United States mail steamship Alliance, on her homeward voyage from Colon to New York, when six miles from the coast of Cuba, off Cape Mayst, was repeatedly fired upon by a Spanish gunboat with solid shot, which fortunately fell short. The windward passage, where this occurred, is the natural and usual highway for vessels plying between ports of the United States and Caribbean sea. Through it several regular lines of American mail and commercial steamers pass weekly within sight of Cape Mayst. They are well known and their voyage embraces no Cuban port of call. Forcible interference with them cannot be claimed as a belligerent act, whether they pass within three miles of the Cuban coast or not, and can, under no circumstances, be tolerated when no state of war exists.

"This government will expect prompt disavowal of the unauthorized act and due expression of regret on the part of Spain, and it must insist that immediate and positive orders be given to Spanish naval commanders not to interfere with legitimate American commerce passing through that channel, and prohibiting all acts wantonly imperiling life and property lawfully under the flag of the United States.

"You will communicate this to the minister of foreign affairs and urge importance of prompt and satifactory response. GRESHAM."

GREAT COAL COMBINATION FORMED.

All the Bituminous Mines in Ohio in a Plan to Control the Output.

COLUMBUS, March 15.—As a result of the conference between the Ohio coal operators and representatives of the Ohio coal carrying roads, an organization to control the output of bituminous coal of the state has finally been formed. The new organization will probably be known as the Ohio Coal company, and its principal office will be in Columbus. Under the plan adopted the state is divided into seven districts representing the mines located on the various coal carrying roads.

The output of coal will be marketed and distributed to the various districts by a board of control composed of a representative from each district. The board of control elected is as follows: R. H. Johnson, representing the Baltimore and Ohio mines; B. F. Berry, Toledo and Walhonding Valley; A. G. Blair, Wheeling and Lake Erie; W. R. Woodford, Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling; J. S. Morton, Toledo and Ohio Central; P. D. Turney, Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking.

A division of tonnage has been agreed upon, and a great factor in the division of tonnage will be the establishment of one general agency which will sell the output of all the mines at a price which shall not fall below a minimum agreed upon by all the parties interested. The operators are to be allowed a minimum net price for the coal—one that shall insure them a fair profit—the railroads to conform their rates to this agreement.

Under this plan the sales agencies in various cities conducted by the different companies and the traveling salesmen for each will be abolished, resulting in a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the various companies, and enabling them to pay better prices for mining.

RULED AGAINST A LABOR LAW.

Indiana Statute Prohibiting the Discharge of Union Men Declared Defective.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., March 15.—Judge O'Rourke, circuit court judge, has entered a ruling of general interest to labor unions everywhere. In January last the street car men employed on the lines of the Citizens' railway struck. Their places were filled and the union declared a boycott on the railway, which is still on. A few weeks ago a union man was discharged by the company, and strikers claimed that it was because he belonged to the union. In 1893 the state enacted a law making it an offense for an employer to discharge an employe for no other reason than belonging to a labor union.

Affidavit and information was filed against L. D. McNutt, superintendent of the railway company, for violating the law. The union men desired to make a test case, and were backed by the state Federation of Labor. Before the judge a motion to quash the indictment was sustained. The judge holds that the statute is constitutional, but defective in wording and construction. The decision, if sustained, makes the state law inoperative and void. The measure was especially relied on in labor circles.

WIMAN GETS A NEW TRIAL.

Doubt of the New York Supreme Court of His Criminal Intent.

NEW YORK, March 16.—Judgment has been reversed and a new trial ordered in the case of the people against Erastus Wiman. The decision was handed down in the general term of the supreme court. This practically affirms the position taken by Justice Barrett in granting a certificate of reasonable doubt that Judge Ingraham erred in refusing to charge the jury as to Wiman's criminal intent when he committed the forgeries for which he was indicted, and of which he was found guilty in the court of oyer and terminer.

Boodlery Charged at Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 15.—Direct charges of "boodlery" are made against numerous city aldermen in amended pleadings filed in the suit to have the sweeping Ogden gas and Cosmopolitan electric franchises annulled. Since the ordinances were passed Feb. 25 the newspapers have daily printed columns that the granting of the franchises was the result of liberal bribery of aldermen, and proceedings were recently begun to annul the action of the council. The amended pleadings charge explicitly that aldermen voting "yes" on ordinances had been promised "pecuniary advantages" for their votes.

Prince of Wales' Yacht Beaten.

CANNES, March 15.—The Ailsa, the Britannia and the Corsica started in a race for the Ogden Goelet and James Gordon Bennett cup No. 1 for yachts over 20 rating. From the moment of crossing the line the Ailsa sailed right away from the Britannia and in five minutes had a long lead, which she kept increasing till the finish, winning by ten minutes.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, March 14.—The Torrens land bill, after debate, went over in the senate to next Wednesday. The bill fixing the salary of member of the legislature at $1,000 for regular and $5 per day for special sessions failed of advancement to third reading, and notice of an motion to reconsider was given. The police commission bill was passed. The resolution attacking the whisky trust and the United States courts in connection therewith was rejected. In the house the report in Guinn-Poindexter election contest favor of Poindexter was adopted and he retains the seat. A resolution was offered for a constitutional amendment revising the entire state judiciary. The bill to make terms of mayors of cities of over 60,000 population four years, and one-term, was passed. The committee to inquire into convict labor was appointed—Eakins, chairman; Hallick, Fletcher, Olesen, Hawley, Breeder and Farrel.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 15.—Bills were introduced in the senate providing for a monument to Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton to cost $25,000, and providing that the trustees of the State university establish a homeopathic medical school in connection with the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Chicago. The legislative salary bill was made special order for next Wednesday. Bills were passed providing for the destruction of weapons carried by persons arrested for carrying concealed weapons; to prevent adulterations of food for domestic animals; increasing the fees for incorporation of concerns organized for profit; abolishing the days of grace. The bill to prevent stealing the news from the wires of press associations went to third reading. In the house McFee introduced a bill to regulate public warehouses. A memorial and resolution relating to the Forester's quarrel was ruled a petition and not a resolution. The bill to prevent the flying of foreign flags over public buildings was reported favorably.

SPRINGFIELD, March 16.—Only six senators were in their seats and an adjournment was taken until Monday evening at 5 o'clock. Lowenthal, of Cook, introduced a bill in the house which, if it becomes a law will abolish the office of printer expert, principally, as stated, because the printing is way behind. Adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, March 19.—Without transacting any business the senate adjourned. In the house several bills were introduced. One provides for the establishment of a department of banking and building and loan associations, the chief officer to have $3,500 per year salary to look after the banks and associations. Another provides for recounting ballots in contested elections. All house bills on first reading were read the first time and advanced. Senate bills on first reading were then taken up and read. All senate bills read the first time were referred to appropriate committees.

Must Be Separate Tickets.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 18.—In reply to an inquiry Assistant Attorney General Newell has rendered an opinion of some interest. A case has been laid before him wherein a county board had divided a township into two precincts and an election was held under the old arrangement and precinct. He says this, though illegal, is immaterial. But when an election for township officers and a member of congress is held on the same day separate tickets must be used, prepared by the township and county clerks respectively. The same judges may preside, but separate ballot boxes must be used.

New Park for Peoria, Ills.

PEORIA, March 18.—Mrs. Lydia Bradley of this city, said to be the richest woman in Illinois, has deeded to the park board 140 acres of land to be known as Laura Bradley park, in memory of a deceased daughter. The board is required only to expend $5,000 a year for the first five years on its improvement, but there is a peculiar provision that all gold and silver ore found on the tract shall belong to the donor.

Illinois Congressional Nominations.

SPRINGFIELD, March 18.—The state secretary has certified to nomination papers of the following candidates for congress in the Tenth district for the special election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Phillip Sidney Post: George W. Prince, Republican Galesburg; Frederick K. Bastian, Democrat, Fulton; Ephraim H. Kempster, Populist, Portland.

Stevenson's Daughter to Marry.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., March 18.—Vice President Stevenson declines to say anything regarding the engagement of his daughter, Julia, to Martin D. Harding of Kentucky, except that the report of the engagement is true. The recent death of his daughter, Mary, constrains the family to say little in regard to the matter at this time.

Notes of the State.

A case of smallpox has been reported to the Illinois state board of health as appearing in a negro family near Brooklyn, Madison county.

Frank Fitzpatrick of Galena, Ills., was instantly killed by a fall of fifty feet into a mineral shaft where he had been prospecting.

Thieves entered Miller & Stevenson's store at Neponset, Ills., and secured $50.

Citizens of Kinmundy, Ills., celebrated the building of the Chicago, Paducah and Memphis road by banqueting the officials of the road and prominent residents of surrounding towns.

Bartold Puetztueck committed suicide at Fairbury, Ills., by hanging. Remorse for excessive drinking caused the act.

Edward Hessler was shot, probably fatally, at Mascoutah, Ills. He was handling a gun and didn't know it was loaded.

Among the appointments made by the president since the adjournment of congress is that of John Beard, to be postmaster at Danville, Ills.

Kansas City Bank Closed.

KANSAS CITY, March 19.—The National Bank of Kansas City, capital $1,000,000, has closed its doors. J. S. Chick, a well-known financier, is the president of the institution. No statement has yet been made, but it is said that the creditors are amply protected. The bank yielded to pressure in the panic of 1893, but straightened its affairs and resumed. Since then business has been poor.

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.

A STORY FROM NEBRASKA OF UNUSUAL HORROR.

Dastardly and Devilish Deed of Outrage and Murder by a Party of Lynchers, Alleged To Be Cattle "Rustlers" Who Wanted to Silence an Accusing Tongue.

OMAHA, March 19.—A special to The Bee from Butte, Neb., says: Some time Friday Mrs. W. E. Holton, a respectable woman residing alone on a ranch in an isolated part of Keya Paha county, was outraged and lynched. The crime is credited to the vigilantes of the district, who believed her in league with cattle rustlers. Some think rustlers committed the crime in revenge for evidence against them furnished by the woman. Persons passing the ranch Saturday found the body and reported the matter. The coroner found $80 on the woman's person, which is regarded as certain evidence that the crime was not committed by tramps, as at first supposed. Her struggle for life had been a hard one.

Dastardly Deed Was Premeditated.

The bedding and clothing of the woman were torn and scattered about the building. Her shoes had evidently been removed, probably by herself, preparatory to going to bed, when surprised by the lynchers. The woman had evidently been outraged before she was strung up and everything points toward a premeditated plan for the consummation of the dastardly deed. No warrants have yet been issued, but a meeting of the best citizens of the neighborhood was held and it was decided that prompt measures should be taken, and it is expected that another and probably several lynchings will take place before long.

One Alleged Suspect Known.

Several persons are under suspicion, and these parties will be taken and compelled to confess. The latest report comes that a man named Hunt is implicated in some way with the lynchers, and it is thought he can be forced into a confession. A number of the alleged rustlers were recently arrested and taken to Springview where they broke jail and escaped to the reservation, where they were afterward recaptured and convicted. The proximity of the Indian reservation to the scene of the depredation makes it possible that a United States deputy marshal may have to make the arrests if warrants are sworn out.

CHARLES A. DANA LIBEL CASE.

Preliminary Examination Ended—Matter to Come Up Again April 2.

NEW YORK, March 19.—The preliminary examination of Charles A. Dana, the editor of The Sun, on the indictment for criminal libel of Frank B. Noyes, of the Washington Star, brought together an unusually large assemblage at the office of United States Commissioner Shields in the federal building. The indictment also included William M. Laffan, the publisher of The Sun, who has not yet been arrested.

Dana was present with his counsel, and there was considerable sparring between the lawyers in an attempt to find out just what responsibility the editor had for the publication of the libel at Washington. It failed, as the commissioner ruled out all the questions. The defense was uncovered, however, and it will be a fight to beat the effort to have the case tried at Washington. Root, of counsel for Dana, made this plain when he claimed and offered to show that the defendant committed no offense in the District of Columbia, so that there could be no jurisdiction of the court there over the case.

Commissioner Shields finally announced that he would sign a regular warrant of commitment for Dana and hold him to await the order of removal by the district judge. Root asked that Dana be discharged on his own recognizance pending this application, which was assented to. After the commissioner's decision had been announced District Attorney MacFarlane and Lawyers Bartlett, Root and Clark appeared before Judge Brown in the United States district court and it was arranged that the application for removal of the case to the District of Columbia court should be heard on Monday, April 1, at 2 p. m.

THOMSON FOUND GUILTY.

Matrimonial Agent Convicted of Using the Mails to Defraud.

CHICAGO, March 19.—Warren F. Thomson, the matrimonial agent and publisher of the Heart and Hand, was found guilty by a jury in Judge Grosscup's federal court for fraudulent use of the mails. Last January Thomson inserted an advertisement in several Chicago papers offering to sell the addresses of a number of marriageable heiresses. He gave a descriptive account of the beauty, wealth and accomplishments of six maidens and widows, offering to send one address for 25 cents or any three for 50 cents.

In answer to the advertisement Thomson was receiving bushels of mail at the boxes he had rented in the Hinsdale and Wheaton offices. On the trial Thomson offered in evidence the original letters or applications made by the parties described in the advertisement. A motion for a new trial was made, pending which sentence is withheld.

The Wreck Near Terre Haute.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., March 18.—Engineer Daily, Baggagemaster Storms, Fireman Hanley, Conductor Rahm, W. P. Kitt (of the "Irish Hearts" company) and G. D. Early were the most severely hurt in the wreck of the Vandalia train near this city. None suffered anything more than painful bruises, cuts and sprains. The loss of property was large, the two trains being almost totally destroyed by fire, and the express matter, including as estimated all the way from $25,000 to $100,000 in cash, was also destroyed.

Dr. Pickin Is Set Free.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., March 19.—One of the famous hypnotism cases fell through in the circuit court yesterday. The case of the state against Dr. George W. Pickin and his son Asigal Pickin, charged with criminally assaulting Mabel Briggs, was nolled by the district attorney as to Dr. Pickin said he to Asigal was continued. Dr. Pickin was in court, but none of the Briggs family was there.

Promises Protection to Christians.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 19.—The porte, replying to a protest from Sir Philip Currie, the British minister, assured him that measures would be taken to protect Christians in Asia Minor. The porte has also assured the American minister to the same effect.

FAVORABLE FEATURES DOMINATE.

Longest List of Increased Prices for Many Months—Business Facts.

NEW YORK, March 16.—Bradstreet's says: There are fewer new and favorable trade features this week than unfavorable ones, but in most instances they outweigh the latter, which point to a continuance of small volume of business and quiet demand. In addition to increased competition here by Australian wools demand for the raw staple has fallen off and word is received that American dress goods manufacturers are using considerable Australian mixed with the American staple. The dry goods trade continues depressed, production being in excess of demand, cotton goods being moved generally only at concessions.

On the other hand prices present the longest list of increases within a week for many months. Among the prominent are the advances in Bessemer pig iron 10 and 15c.; 3-16c. on cotton; wheat, 2½c.; Indian corn, ½c.; oats, ¼c.; pork, $1.25 per bbl.; lard, 30c., and sugar, 1-16c. Higher quotations are also reported for leather and hides, with demand more active and the falling off in stocks of petroleum is made a basis for higher prices for that staple. Material improvement in the iron and steel industries is indicated by the advance in Bessemer, by higher prices for manufactured iron at St. Louis, large orders placed for southern pig iron, and the receipt of orders for considerable lots of rails at Chicago.

This is significant among the favorable features of the week, but at the south gains are shown in sales of leaf tobacco and in the demand for naval stores. Among eastern industries makers of shoes report the recent advance fully maintained. Quotations are unchanged for wool, tin, iron ore, coke, lumber, coffee and live cattle, while concessions in prices are rumored to have been made on coal contracts and are apparent for print cloths, steel billets, copper and eggs.

NEGRO LABORERS WARNED OFF.

An Incident in the Strike Situation at the Crescent City.

NEW ORLEANS, March 19.—A gang of negro laborers who crossed the river to unload the steamer Etolia, of Elder, Dempster & Co., were met on their arrival by a number of white men and told that they would not be allowed to work, and were commanded to return to this side of the river at once. They reported to the agents of the line what had occurred. Later a company of three from the Screwmen's association of Jefferson came over to this city, called on the agent, and applied for work on the steamer.

Their grievance, which caused the turbulence, was that labor was being employed from another parish to work on ships lying at the wharves in the parish of Jefferson. They have always considered that they had a lien on this work and always protested against the importation of labor, white or black. The agent of the line warned the men that they would not be allowed to dictate who should be employed on the ships and after a brief conference it was agreed that the work on the Etolia should be divided, the Jefferson parish men taking one-half and the negroes from this side the other.

Governor Foster, accompanied by General Fairies and other officers, visited the levee and inspected the troops on duty. The whole river front presented a more decidedly lively appearance than at any time for the past week. Cotton is arriving freely and the men are busy at work loading ships without molestation on the part of any one. There is also a decided falling off in the number of loungers along the levee.

He Is Walking Round the World.

LONDON, March 19.—C. W. McDade, of San Francisco, has arrived in London. He is walking around the world and commenced his pedestrain tour through France today.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 18.

Money on call moderately active at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@3¼ per cent. Sterling exchange quiet and a shade easier with actual business in bankers' bills at 489¼@489¾ for demand and 487½@488 for sixty days; posted rates 488½@490; commercial bills 487.

Silver certificates, 63¾ bid; no sales; bar silver, 62. Mexican dollars, 49¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg. 119¾; do coupons 119¾; 5's reg. 113½; 5's coupons 113½; 4's reg. 111; 4's coupons 112½; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 18.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat — March, opened 55c, closed 54⅝c; May, opened 56¾c, closed 56⅝c; July, opened 57¾c, closed 57¼c. Corn—March, nominal, closed 45¼c; May, opened 46c, closed 45⅝c; July, opened 45¾c, closed 45¼c. Oats—March, nominal, closed 25¼c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29⅝c; June, opened 29¼c, closed 29⅛. Pork—May, opened $12.03, closed $11.90. Lard — May, opened $6.82½, closed $6.80.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 19c per lb; fresh dairy, 16c; packing stock, 5@6c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 11½@12c per doz. loss off. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 9½@9.00 per lb; turkeys, 10@12½c; ducks, 9@12c; geese, 8@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, good to choice, 65@70c per bu; Hebrons, 60@65c; Peerless, 60@65c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per bbl. Cranberries — Jerseys, 2.75@3.50 per box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@2.75 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 18.

Live Stock — Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 28,000; sales ranged at $3.45@4.45 pigs, $4.35@4.45 light, $4.30@4.45 rough packing, $4.35@4.70 mixed, and $4.50@4.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 13,500; quotations ranged at $5.65@6.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.9@5.50 good to choice do, $4.60@4.85 fair to good, $4.00@4.55 common to medium do, $3.90@4.20 butchers steers, $2.65@3.60 stockers, $3.50@4.40 feeders, $1.80@3.45 cows, $3.00@4.30 heifers, $2.00@4.75 bulls, $3.00@4.60 Texas steers, and $2.50@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep — Estimated receipts for the day 13,000; sales ranged at $2.75@4.75 westerns, $2.50@3.90 Texans, $2.00@4.80 natives, and $3.25@5.65 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, March 18.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 57¼c; No. 1 northern, 60c; May, 56¼c. Corn—No. 3, 44c. Oats—No. 2 white, 32¼c; No. 3 white, 32c. Barley—Nominal; No. 2, 53¼c; samples, 52@53½c. Rye—No. 1, 54½c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, March 18.

Wheat—Cash, 55c bid; March, 55c nominal; May, 55¼@55½c bid; July, 55½c asked. Corn—Cash, 42½c; March, 42½c nominal; May, 43¼@43½c bid; July, 43½c bid. Oats—Cash, 30c bid; March, 30½c; May, 30½c asked; June, 30½c asked; July, 28½ bid.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, March 18.

Wheat—Cash and March, 56¼c; May, 56¾c; July, 58½c; No. 3 soft, 57¼c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 45½c; May, 46c bid. Oats—Cash, 31c bid. Rye—Cash, 50c

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Mar. 13.

John Wanamaker, it is reported, has secured control of the Hilton-Hughes dry goods establishment at New York.

During a fire at Waupun, Wis., which destroyed $40,000 worth of property, the walls of a building fell and caught a number of spectators under the hot bricks. John Meiklejohn was probably fatally hurt, and Alderman Jones, Hortis Sargent, A. C. Scott, John Peters and Joe Weinberger were severely cut, bruised and otherwise injured.

Rev. S. W. Hoover, a Dunkard preacher, fell dead in his pulpit at Dayton, O., while delivering his sermon.

Two highwaymen have been sent to the North Dakota penitentiary for life for robbing a man of $3 and a brass watch.

Twelve thousand Spanish troops are under orders to sail for Cuba to aid in suppressing the insurrection.

Philadelphia capitalists have formed a company, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, to operate the extensive coal fields of Peru. They have received a concession from the Peruvian government and will ship the output to Pacific coast points.

Thursday, Mar. 14.

Ohio coal companies have formed a combine to control the output and regulate prices.

The first general assembly of the new Independent Knights of Labor will be held in Washington in January, 1896. It is claimed that 50,000 members of the old order have joined the new.

Gold mining is being carried on almost within the corporate limits of San Francisco. All along the beach south of the Cliff House Camps are being established to work the sand with new apparatus.

The Ameer of Afghanistan will pass through the United States this spring on his way to England, where he will be received as a royal guest.

The grand jury at Minneapolis refused to indict Miss Wachtler and George Grindall on the evidence presented by the prosecution in the Hayward case, because, conviction would have been impossible.

Secretary of the Interior Smith has decided to issue a patent for the Tayler Mining company's claim in the Coeur d'Alene country.

Friday, Mar. 15.

Robert E. McKisson is the Republican nominee for mayor of Cleveland.

John Noble, John Wolf, Andrew Noland and John Lowe, members of a gang which has been flooding the west with spurious coin, have been arrested in Kansas City.

Standard oil magnates are said to be trying to consolidate the great electrical manufacturing interests of the country into a gigantic trust.

Lynn Wilson, aged 18, of Homer, Ills., went hunting Sunday and has not been heard from since.

Three girls who disappeared from West Superior, Wis., were found in a backwoods den near Carleton, Minn.

The New York assembly has passed the concurrent resolution submitting to a vote of the people the question of woman suffrage by a vote of 80 to 31.

A reunion of the newspaper correspondents that accompanied Coxey on his famous march to Washington last year is being arranged for March 28, at Canton, O., the date of Easter Sunday last year when the advance on Washington began.

Saturday, Mar. 16.

A. Snelling, of Sevensville, Mont., after killing a neighbor, Charles McCullough, placed the muzzle of a Winchester at his mouth and shot off his own head.

The supreme court of the United States has taken a recess to March 25, except that it will sit until Monday to deliver opinions and hear motions.

It is supposed that the Adams Express company lost $100,000 in the fire that took place in the wreck on the Vandalia, near Terre Haute, Ind.

At a conference held at Atlanta, Ga., it was resolved that the cotton acreage of the state must be reduced this year at all hazards, and a convention was called to meet next Monday to consider the subject.

The firm of Cushman Brothers & Company, Boston, manufacturers of window shades, has gone into insolvency with liabilities of $150,000.

Miss Carrie Hester, of Chicago, was married at Redfield, Ark., to Lewis Hood, having run away from home for that purpose.

Central Illinois school teachers to the number of 800 are in session at Peoria.

Monday, Mar. 18.

Two hundred thousand bootmakers are idle in England as the result of a strike for higher wages.

United States Mine Inspector Fleming, of Utah, says the White Ash coal mine explosion at Cerrillos, N. M., was caused by men going into an abandoned chamber with naked lights, and not by lack of ventilation, as alleged by the coroner's jury.

Slatin Boy, an Austrian who, while doing duty as an Egyptian officer, was captured by the Mahdi at the time Gordon was taken, has escaped from Khartoum and arrived at Cairo. The Mahdi still holds a large number of European prisoners.

The lord mayor of London, Sir Joseph Renals, has accepted the honorary presidency of the London Base Ball association.

Frederick Marcott was fatally hurt and his son, aged 12, was instantly killed by the breaking of a rope fire escape they were exhibiting at Duluth to a large crowd, including a party of state legislators.

That Tired Feeling

"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who may be suffering with indigestion or impure blood, no appetite, **Run Down** feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial. If there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for **Rheumatism.**

We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla two years and have no sick headache spells, pains or tired

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

feeling." W. N. BARNES, Hartford City, Ind.

Hood's Pills give universal satisfaction.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER IX.

When Captain Armitage left the cottage that night, he did not go at once to his own room. Brief as was the conversation he had enjoyed with Miss Renwick, it was all that fate vouchsafed him for that date at least. The entire party went to tea together at the hotel, but immediately thereafter the colonel carried Armitage away, and for two long hours they were closeted over some letters that had come from Sibley, and when the conference broke up and the wondering ladies saw the two men come forth it was late—almost 10 o'clock—and the captain did not venture beyond the threshold of the sitting room. He bowed and bade them a somewhat ceremonious good night. His eyes rested—lingered—on Miss Renwick's uplifted face, and it was the picture he took with him into the stillness of the summer night.

The colonel accompanied him to the steps and rested his hand upon the broad gray shoulder.

"God only knows how I have needed you, Armitage. This trouble has nearly crushed me, and it seems as though I were utterly alone. I had the haunting fear that it was only weakness on my part and my love for my wife that made me stand out against Chester's propositions. He can only see guilt and conviction in every new phase of the case, and though you see how he tries to spare me his letters give no hope of any other conclusion."

Armitage pondered a moment before he answered; then he slowly spoke:

"Chester has lived a lonely and an unhappy life. His first experience after graduation was that wretched affair of which you have told me. Of course I knew much of the particulars before, but not all. I respect Chester as a soldier and a gentleman, and I like him and trust him as a friend; but, Colonel Maynard, in a matter of such vital importance as this, and one of such delicacy, I distrust not his motives, but his judgment. All his life, practically, he has been brooding over the sorrow that came to him when your trouble came to you, and his mind is grooved. He believes he sees mystery and intrigue in matters that others might explain in an instant."

"But think of all the array of evidence he has."

"Enough and more than enough, I admit, to warrant everything he has thought or said of the man, but"——

"He simply puts it this way. If he be guilty, can she be less? Is it possible, Armitage, that you are unconvinced?"

"Certainly I am unconvinced. The matter has not yet been sifted. As I understand it, you have forbidden his confronting Jerrold with the proofs of his rascality until I get there. Admitting the evidence of the ladder, the picture and the form at the window—aye, the letter, too—I am yet to be convinced of one thing. You must remember that his judgment is biased by his early experiences. He fancies that no woman is proof against such fascinations as Jerrold's."

"And your belief?"

"Is that some women—many women—are utterly above such a possibility."

Old Maynard wrung his comrade's hand. "You make me hope in spite of myself, my past experiences, my very senses, Armitage. I have leaned on you so many years that I missed you sorely when this trial came. If you had been there, things might not have taken this shape. He looks upon Chester—and it's one thing Chester hasn't forgiven in him—as a meddling old granny. You remember the time he so spoke of him last year, but he holds you in respect or is afraid of you, which in a man of his caliber is about the same thing. It may not be too late for you to act. Then, when he is disposed of once and for all, I can know what must be done, where she is concerned."

"And under no circumstances can you question Mrs. Maynard?"

"No, no! If she suspected anything of this, it would kill her. In any event, she must have no suspicion of it now."

"But does she not ask? Has she no theory about the missing photograph? Surely she must marvel over its disappearance."

"She does, at least she did, but—I'm ashamed to own it, Armitage—we had to quiet her natural suspicions in some way, and I told her that it was my doing; that I took it to tease Alice, put the photograph in the drawer of my desk and hid the frame behind her sofa pillow. Chester knows of the arrangement, and we had settled that when the picture was recovered from Mr. Jerrold he would send it to me."

Armitage was silent. A frown settled on his forehead, and it was evident that the statement was far from welcome to him. Presently he held forth his hand.

"Well, good night, sir. I must go and have a quiet think over this. I hope you will rest well. You need it, colonel."

But Maynard only shook his head. His heart was too troubled for rest of any kind. He stood gazing out toward the park, where the tall figure of his ex-adjutant had disappeared among the trees. He heard the low toned, pleasant chat of the ladies in the sitting room, but he was in no mood to join them. He wished that Armitage had not gone, he felt such strength and comparative hope in his presence, but it was plain that even Armitage was confounded by the array of facts and circumstances that he had so painfully and slowly communicated to him. The colonel went drearily back to the room in which they had had their long conference. His wife and sister both hailed him as he passed the sitting room door and urged him to come and join them—they wanted to ask about Captain Armitage, with whom it was evident they were much impressed—but he answered that he had some letters to put away, and he must attend first to that.

Among those that had been shown to the captain, mainly letters from Chester telling of the daily events at the fort and of his surveillance in the case of Jerrold, was one which Alice had brought him two days before. This had seemed to him of unusual importance, as the others contained nothing that tended to throw new light on the case. It said:

"I am glad you have telegraphed for Armitage and heartily approve your decision to lay the whole case before him. I presume he can reach you by Sunday, and that by Tuesday he will be here at the fort and ready to act. This will be a great relief to me, for, do what I could to allay it, there is no concealing the fact that much speculation and gossip is afloat concerning the events of that unhappy night. Leary declared he has been close mouthed. The other men on guard know absolutely nothing, and Captain Wilton is the only officer to whom in my distress of mind I betrayed that there was a mystery, and he has pledged himself to me to say nothing. Sloat, too, has an inkling, and a big one, that Jerrold is the suspected party, but I never dreamed that anything had been seen or heard which in the faintest way connected your household with the matter until yesterday. Then Leary admitted to me that two women, Mrs. Clifford's cook and the doctor's nursery maid, had asked him whether it wasn't Lieutenant Jerrold he fired at, and if it was true that he was trying to get in the colonel's back door. Twice Mrs. Clifford has asked me very significant questions, and three times today have officers made remarks to me that indicated their knowledge of the existence of some grave trouble. What makes matters worse is that Jerrold, when twitted about his absence from reveille, loses his temper and gets confused. There came near being a quarrel between him and Rollins at the mess a day or two since. He was saying that the reason he slept through roll call was the fact that he had been kept up very late at the doctor's party, and Rollins happened to come in at the moment and blurted out that if he was up at all it must have been after he left the party and reminded him that he had left before midnight with Miss Renwick. This completely staggered Jerrold, who grew confused and tried to cover it with a display of anger. Now, two weeks ago Rollins was most friendly to Jerrold and stood up for him when I assailed him, but ever since that night he has no word to say for him. When Jerrold played wrathful and accused Rollins of mixing in other men's business, Rollins bounced up to him like a young bull terrier, and I believe there would have been a row had not Sloat and Hoyt promptly interfered. Jerrold apologized, and Rollins accepted the apology, but has avoided him ever since—won't speak of him to me now that I have reason to want to draw him out. As soon as Armitage gets here he can do what I cannot—find out just what and who is suspected and talked about.

"Mr. Jerrold, of course, avoids me. He has been attending strictly to his duty and is evidently confounded that I did not press the matter of his going to town as he did the day I forbade it. Mr. Hoyt's being too late to see him personally gave me sufficient grounds on which to excuse it, but he seems to understand that something is impending and is looking nervous and harassed. He has not renewed his request for leave of absence to run down to Sablon. I told him curtly it was out of the question."

The colonel took a few strides up and down the room. It had come then. The good name of those he loved was already besmirched by garrison gossip, and he knew that nothing but heroic measures could ever silence scandal. Impulse and the innate sense of "fight" urged him to go at once to the scene, leaving his wife and her fair daughter here under his sister's roof, but Armitage and common sense said no. He had placed his burden on those broad gray shoulders, and though ill content to wait he felt that he was bound. Stowing away the letters, too nervous to sleep, too worried to talk, he stole from the cottage, and, with hands clasped behind his back, with low bowed head, he strolled forth into the broad vista of moonlit road.

There were bright lights still burning at the hotel, and gay voices came floating through the summer air. The piano, too, was trumming a waltz in the parlor, and two or three couples were throwing embracing, slowly twirling shadows on the windows. Over in the bar and billiard rooms the click of the balls and the refreshing rattle of cracked ice told suggestively of the occupation of the inmates. Keeping on beyond these distracting sounds, he slowly climbed a long, gradual ascent to the "bench," or plateau above the wooded point on which were grouped the glistening white buildings of the pretty summer resort, and having reached the crest turned silently to gaze at the beauty of the scene—at the broad, flawless bosom of a summer lake all sheen and silver from the unclouded moon. Far to the southeast it wound among the bold and rock ribbed bluffs rising from the forest growth at their base to shorn and rounded summits.

Miles away to the southward twinkled the lights of one busy little town. Others gleamed and sparkled over toward the northern shore, close under the pole star, while directly opposite frowned a massive wall of palisaded rock that threw, deep and heavy and far from shore, its long reflection in the mirror of water. There was not a breath of air stirring in the heavens, not a ripple on the face of the waters beneath, save where, close under the bold headland down on the other side, the signal lights, white and crimson and green, creeping slowly along in the shadows, revealed one of the packets plowing her steady way to the great marts below. Nearer at hand, just shaving the long strip of sandy, wooded point that jutted far out into the lake, a broad raft of timber, pushed by a hard-working, black funneled stern wheeler, was slowly forging its way to the outlet of the lake, its shadowy edge sprinkled here and there with little sparks of lurid red—the pilot lights that gave warning of its slow and silent coming. Far down along the southern shore, under that black bluff line, close to the silver water edge, a glowing meteor seemed whirling through the night, and the low, distant rumble told of the Atlantic express thundering on its journey. Here, along with him on the level plateau, were other roomy cottages, some dark, some still sending forth a guiding ray, while long lines of white-washed fence gleamed ghostly in the moonlight and were finally lost in the shadow of the great bluff that abruptly shut in the entire point and plateau and shut out all further sight of lake or land in that direction. Far beneath he could hear the soft plash upon the sandy shore of the little wavelets that came sweeping in the wake of the raftboat and spending their tiny strength upon the strand; far down on the hotel point he could still hear the soft melody of the waltz. He remembered how the band used to play that same air and wondered why it was he used to like it. It jarred him now.

Presently the distant crack of a whip and the low rumble of wheels were heard, the omnibus coming back from the station with passengers from the night train. He was in no mood to see any one. He turned away and walked northward along the edge of the bench, toward the deep shadow of the great shoulder of the bluff, and presently he came to a long flight of wooden stairs, leading from the plateau down to the hotel, and here he stopped and seated himself awhile. He did not want to go home yet. He wanted to be by himself, to think and brood over his trouble. He saw the omnibus go round the bend and roll up to the hotel doorway with its load of pleasure seekers and heard the joyous welcome with which some of their number were received by waiting friends, but life had little of joy to him this night. He longed to go away, anywhere, anywhere, could he only leave this haunting misery behind. He was so proud of his regiment. He had been so happy in bringing home to it his accomplished and gracious wife. He had been so joyous in planning for the lovely times Alice was to have, the social successes, the girlish triumphs, the garrison gayeties, of which she was to be the queen, and now, so very, very soon, all had turned to ashes and desolation! She was so beautiful, so sweet, winning, graceful. Oh, God! could it be that one so gifted could possibly be so base? He rose in nervous misery and clinched his hands high in air, then sat down again with hiding, hopeless face, rocking to and fro as sways a man in mortal pain. It was long before he rallied, and again he wearily arose. Most of the lights were gone. Silence had settled down upon the sleeping point. He was chilled with the night air and the dew and stiff and heavy as he tried to walk.

Down at the foot of the stairs he could see the night watchman making his rounds. He did not want to explain matters and talk with him. He would go around. There was a steep pathway down into the ravine that gave into the lake just beyond his sister's cottage, and this he sought and followed, moving slowly and painfully, but finally reaching the grassy level of the pathway that connected the cottages with the wood road up the bluff. Trees and shrubbery were thick on both sides, and the path was shaded. He turned to his right and came down until once more he was in sight of the white walls of the hotel standing out there on the point, until close at hand he could see the light of his own cottage glimmering like a faithful beacon through the trees, and then he stopped short.

A tall, slender figure—a man in dark, snug fitting clothing—was creeping stealthily up to the cottage window.

The colonel held his breath. His heart thumped violently. He waited—watched. He saw the dark figure reach the blinds. He saw them slowly, softly turned, and the faint light gleaming from within. He saw the figure peering in between the slats, and then—

He saw the figure peering in between the slats.

God, was it possible?—a low voice, a man's voice, whispering or hoarsely murmuring a name. He heard a sudden movement within the room, as though the occupant had heard and were replying, "Coming." His blood froze. It was not Alice's room. It was his—his and hers—his wife's—and that was surely her step approaching the window. Yes, the blind was quickly opened. A white robed figure stood at the casement. He could see, hear, bear no more. With one mad rush he sprang from his lair and hurled himself upon the shadowy stranger.

"You hound! Who are you?"

But 'twas no shadow that he grasped. A muscular arm was round him in a trice, a brawny hand at his throat, a twisting, sinewy leg was curled in his, and he went reeling back upon the springy turf, stunned and well nigh breathless.

When he could regain his feet and reach the casement, the stranger had vanished, but Mrs. Maynard lay there on the floor within, a white and senseless heap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH'S RED LIGHT.

It Was Waved at an Engineer, Betokening His Mother's Demise.

"The most peculiar case I ever heard of," said a telegraph operator, "occurred in our family. My father was an engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, running into Richmond. One night while quite a distance from the latter city and nearing his run he saw a bright red light on the track several hundred yards ahead. The signal was also seen by his fireman and the front brakeman. The train was at once stopped, but not a trace of the signalman or light could be found, and the track was all right. Father looked at his watch and noted that the time was 8 o'clock. The train pulled out, proceeding cautiously for some distance without meeting any obstruction. Several miles farther the light was again seen. Once more stopping, another search was made, with no more success than before. This happened at 8:28. Father was never superstitious, but this was inexplicable. Much mystified, he proceeded on the way, only to be stopped a third time by the red light at 8:51 o'clock. Another search by the crew failed to disclose the slightest trace of the mysterious signalman. Finally, giving up the search, the men returned to their posts, and the train at last pulled up into Richmond without further mishap.

"When father alighted from the cab, a telegram was handed him announcing the death of his mother. Without delay he went to her home, which was several miles out of the city, on the railroad. Soon after his arrival he learned that a telegram had been sent to him while he was out on duty, summoning him to grandmother's bedside. The time at which father had seen the mysterious red lights was indelibly impressed on his memory, and he learned upon inquiry that at precisely the minute at which the first red light was seen she had asked if he had come. She then repeated the question at the time he saw the second light, and the appearance of the third light was simultaneous with her death."—Richmond Times.

The Writers Froude Liked.

"Whom do you rank as the first of modern English prose writers?" asked Mr. Froude as we were strolling one afternoon in Chelsea. Had Lord Tennyson suddenly demanded to know whom I thought to be the greatest poet of the day I could not have been more dumfounded. Noting my hesitation and perhaps guessing its cause, Mr. Froude quickly added: "Ah! I naturally thought you would say Ruskin, who is certainly a master of descriptive writing, at his best exquisite. Newman, too (and Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree), had lucidity and the gift of irony, but lacked glow and color. To me he is always cold. My own favorite is Charles Lamb."

Seeing that I was greatly interested, he went on to point out the beauties of "Dream Children" and then quoted the lovely passage in "The New Year's Eve" beginning, "And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios." That, he said, was the high water mark of modern English prose, equal to anything of the seventeenth century, "the English as pure and beautiful as that of the liturgy itself."

Mr. Froude was a great admirer of Bret Harte. "Tennessee's Partner" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" he used to declare were of the immortals. When I once said I feared that Mr. Bret Harte was no longer the fashion, Froude merely replied, "So much the worse for the fashion." In this appreciation of the American story teller, as well as in his affection for Charles Lamb and his respect for Mr. Chamberlain, we see that Froude was no thrall to academic convention.—National Review.

Spanish Salads.

It is a sad fact that there are but few places in London where a properly dressed salad is obtainable. Faulty dressing is bad, but it was given to a well known place to go one worse. They absolutely brought me a lettuce salad that had been cut with a knife and covered with some highly noxious compound in the way of a patent salad dressing.

You can get good salad in the French and Italian restaurants round Soho, but for the best in the world you must go to Spain. The recipe there is peculiar. Mustard and egg are not tolerated, and oil is to vinegar in the proportion of three to one. The leaves of the salad are plucked and wrung dry. Various savory herbs are chopped up on a plate at your side, and the dressing is only poured over the leaves when you are just ready to eat them. The vinegar is mixed with an equal part of water, but this is, I imagine, on account of its strength. I do not wish any harm to the barbarian who first invented a compound salad dressing, but should like him to taste a salad dressed by a Seville chef and then be condemned to take his own concoction for the rest of his unnatural life, which would not, I think, be long.—London Sketch.

FIREMEN'S MASCOTS.

ANIMALS THAT BRING GOOD LUCK TO THE LADDIES.

Cats, Dogs and Horses That Are Pets In the Houses of the New York Department. They Go to Every Fire That Calls Out Their Respective Company.

Brave fire laddies depend upon their nerves and skill for the preservation of their lives in times of fire and disaster. But that they are cheered by the presence of pet animals whom they have trained to accompany them upon their errands of peril there is ample evidence to show. No fireman goes so far as to say that his pet kitten or trick dog saves a life by his mere presence, but all acknowledge that the mewing of a kitten or the barking of a dog will steady a trembling set of nerves and make a man feel as if he had a companion with him, although the flames may have shut him off from all human companionship.

One of the bravest and most reliable mascots now belonging to the fire department is Lil, a brindle and white bulldog, the property of Hook and Ladder No. 12, in West Twentieth street, who assists at every fire that is rung out in the engine room of her district.

Lil is not a handsome dog. She was originally the property of Chief Croker of the fire department and was lent by him to the hook and ladder house some years ago. She speedily became a pet of the company and has been allowed to remain. She is blind in one eye. Tradition has it that her blindness is due to the fact that she has a great failing for puppies, and in her anxiety to preserve them from the mischievous boys and girls of the neighborhood she has grown blind looking for them and counting them over and over. Lil's principal accomplishment consists in allowing herself to be pulled all over the building, and indeed all over the block, by the children, of whom she is very fond.

No. 14 engine, in Eighteenth street, now mourns the loss of Chappie, the brightest bulldog that ever went to a fire. Chappie always sat on the seat with the driver and rendered much service by barking in rooms where there were sleeping inmates.

Once Chappie was sick. He had been ailing for some days, and it was feared that he might be too weak in the legs to attend a fire. Accordingly as the alarm sounded Chappie's men quickly tied him to the oaken staircase in the engine house and rushed away to the fire, thinking him secure at home. Before the last corner was turned that took them to the burning building there was a clatter in the street and shouts of the children, and looking from his seat on the high engine the driver saw his friend Chappie running alongside the engine as merrily as ever. Around Chappie's neck the rope still hung, and to it also was the round of the staircase to which he had been tied. He had wrenched it loose in his fury to follow the engine. Chappie was finally run over in Fourteenth street by his own engine, greatly to the grief of the driver, who saw him, but could not slacken speed for a pet dog when the flames were devouring property.

In Chappie's place there are now two cats, Pete and Chop. Pete slides down the brass pole of the engine house as fast as a fireman. His pet sport is to race with Chop. Chop cannot slide down the pole, and after Pete has tormented his companion to the last degree of his endurance he jumps on the pole and disappears down stairs, while poor Chop has to come slowly after.

In Engine 56, in Eighty-third street, there is a spotted fire dog, Nellie, who goes to every fire, and, though not very accomplished, she has rendered good service. She runs ahead of the engine barking all the way to a fire. And never does she wag her tail again until the fire is out and the firemen returning.

Once when Nellie was ill a box was made for her to lie in down in the cellar, and as there was no idea that she would go to the fire she was not locked up. By and by the alarm bell rang and the firemen rushed away. Right in the heart of the fire, where the flames were raging fiercely, was heard a familiar bark, and, to the astonishment of all, Nellie came rushing out to call the attention of the men to some one hemmed in on the other side.

Nellie's pet fireman carried her tenderly home, not even letting her feet touch the wagon, so careful was he of her. But, although Nellie was very ill, she learned no lesson from her experience. Only four days later she left a nest of day-old puppies and went to a fire, although she must have known that they would suffer during her absence and that she herself had no right to be there.

The pet of this engine house, next to Nell, has been for some years a large gray horse. "The Bill Hoss" he is called by the firemen. "The Bill Hoss" is very intelligent, and when he is being exercised in the street after a fire he walks up to the sidewalk to "speak" to every lady that passes. If any lady visits the engine house and does not stop to rub his nose and pet him, he stamps and acts in a very unruly manner. He is very jealous of the other horses and draws the line at being "shown off" more than a dozen times a day. If by any chance the bell is sounded and he is made to come out and get into his harness more than that number of times, he "gets sour," as the captain says, and squeals peevishly to show his displeasure.

The fire department does not allow the houses to keep more than two pets on account of the possible cost of their food to the city. But it is certain that the few animals now in the possession of "the boys" are useful to them and not only answer the purposes of passing away many an hour, but render real service in time of danger.

"Would there be more accidents if there were no mascots?" is often asked.

And every firemen will answer "Yes."—New York Herald.

A NOTABLE NAVAL BATTLE

Captain Stewart's Famous Victory and an Offer That Was Not Accepted.

In the many controversies that have arisen as to the relative merits of the naval occurrences between the American and English navies in the war of 1812 no argument has been urged with more persistency by our transatlantic cousins than that the Yankee ships carried a greater number of guns and heavier shot. A naval action took place Feb. 20, 1815, however, in which, even by British authorities, it is admitted that the Americans were inferior in number of guns and aggregate shot weight. It was the action between the frigate Constitution and the British cruisers Cyane and Levant, fought some 180 miles northeast of the island of Madeira. The Constitution, commanded by Captain Charles Stewart, carried 51 guns, having a total shot weight of 644 pounds to the broadside after allowing for underweight in American shot, while the two British ships mounted 55 guns with 754 pounds of metal to a broadside.

The battle was fought by moonlight, beginning at 6:05 p. m. and ending with the capture of both British ships by 10 p. m. Stewart began the battle by boldly attacking the Cyane and Levant together, and never was American gunnery shown to better advantage. Broadside after broadside was hurled into the opposing vessels with astonishing rapidity and accuracy, and before the engagement had lasted half an hour the Constitution had secured a position between the two Englishmen and was firing from both batteries at the same time. At 6:50 p. m. the Cyane surrendered, and after taking possession of her Captain Stewart made sail after the Levant, which, in the smoke of battle, had become separated from her consort and was some distance westward. By 10 p. m. this vessel had been overtaken by the swift sailing Constitution and compelled to surrender.

In this remarkable action the Americans sustained a loss of only 4 killed and 10 wounded, while the English had 35 killed and 42 wounded. After the battle was over the two English commanders, while aboard the Constitution, got into a dispute as to the result, each charging the other with the responsibility of the defeat and claiming that if such and such a maneuver had been made the American would have been captured. Captain Stewart, who overheard the discussion, finally said:

"Gentlemen, there is no use in getting warm about it. It would have been all the same whatever you might have done. If you doubt that, I will put you all on board again, and you can try it over."

There is no record of the British commanders having accepted the generous offer.—New York Sun.

A Seville Beggar.

His name is Ramon, and there are few better known men in Seville than he. It is said that his father was the public executioner of the city, and, when he died, some foolish people told Ramon, then a lad of rather weak intellect, that he would be compelled to succeed his parent in his ghastly office. The terror created by such a destiny fairly unhinged his mind, and he became the sad, innocent lunatic he is at present. He has wandered about the streets for years, a gentle, kind and honest man.

No one knows where he sleeps, for he has no home. It is supposed that in winter he crawls near the furnaces of the brick works and in summer huddles in any quiet corner. He never importunes for charity, like other beggars, but simply presents himself and takes the help that is given, and if it is refused he meekly turns away. He usually, however, gets more than his few needs require, and when he is thus enriched he distributes all that he can spare among the other starving creatures whom he knows. But it is rather to the poor children of the street that he gives food than to the grownup professional beggars.

The hungry children recognize him as their best friend, and so this Ramon, the poorest of beggars, is, in fact, one of the most generous benefactors. As I watched him turning up a lane, I noticed how he was encircled by children, among whom he stood talking in friendly confidence. There was none of that rough play which we often notice on the part of the street arabs at home when a lunatic comes their way. Ramon and the "gamins" were evidently companions.—Good Words.

The Eccentric Borrow.

On one occasion Borrow was at a dinner party in company with Whewell, both of them powerful men, and both of them, if report be true, having more than a superficial knowledge of the art of self defense. A controversy began and waxed so warm that Mrs. Whewell, believing a personal encounter to be imminent, fainted and had to be carried out of the room.

Once when Borrow was dining with my father he disappeared into a small back room after dinner and could not be found. At last he was discovered by a lady member of the family stretched on a sofa and groaning. On being spoken to and asked to join the other guests he suddenly said: "Go away; go away. I am not fit company for respectable people." There was no apparent cause for this strange conduct unless it were due to one of those unaccountable fits to which men of genius—and this description will be allowed him by many—are often subject.

On another occasion when dining with my father at Wimbledon he was regaled with a "haggis," a dish which was new to him, and of which he partook to an extent which would have astonished many a hardy Scotsman. One summer's day several years later he again came to dinner, and having come on foot and entered the house by a garden door his first words, without any previous greetings, were, "Is there a haggis today?"—John Murray in Good Words.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 189[illegible]

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Kellar.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Hagenbeck's Zoological Circus.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Francis Wilson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The War of Wealth."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—The Bostonians.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"In Old Kentucky."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S SENTIMENTS.

The "Irish Parliamentary Party" has sunk so low in public estimation on both sides of the Atlantic that any reference to it is received with positive distaste by people sincerely desirous of the welfare of Ireland. Nevertheless, when an Irishman of the prominence of Archbishop Croke has something to say on even such an unworthy subject, it may be well to read his sentiments with respectful attention. Last week THE CITIZEN made brief allusion to the letter of his Grace, addressed to the editor of the Cork *Examiner*. We present herewith the salient points of the communication as given in our Irish exchanges:

"Nor can we free ourselves from responsibility in this matter (the support of the Irish members) by pointing, as many now unfortunately do, to the melancholy fact, that our Irish representatives are at present, and for some time past, have been at sixes and sevens among themselves, broken up into rival cliques, fighting literally for straws—as young and unruly schoolboys are said to do, seeking self-glorification, apparently, rather than the public good, and directing against each other those splendid energies which might be so profitably devoted to the service of their country. Such is the reproachful and uncomplimentary language which is now in almost everybody's mouth, and I fear, not wholly without cause. It is very plain speaking, to be sure; but the time for plain speaking has arrived. Let us look the 'situation' fairly and dispassionately in the face. Four years ago we were a united people. Today our once serried ranks are broken, and the sturdy materials that composed them are scattered to the wind. Our enthusiasm has cooled down or died away; our bishops, for the most part, hold aloof from the national cause; our priests are distrustful and dissatisfied; our ever faithful people know not whose counsel they are to follow, whose mandate they should obey; the friendly government that led us on to the very confines of home rule is to be discredited and deposed because it cannot achieve impossibilities; the hereditary revilers of our religion and race are, as soon as possible, to be installed in their stead; no great national victory can be gained; no eminently useful measures passed into law; the hope of obtaining a legislature for our country within measurable time is no longer entertained by reasoning men; and all this has come to pass, partly because the spirit of faction appears to be more potent than the spirit of patriotism, and in part also because what one set of Irish politicians proposes for the common weal will almost of a surety be derided, denounced and scornfully rejected by another. This is a truly miserable state of things. Is there no way out of it? Can we not revive the past, and unite all patriotic Irishmen, for at least one great common purpose? He who effectually brings about this happy consummation, without the sacrifice of any principle, will deserve well of his country, and merit as a reward, a civic crown of the very highest order. Meanwhile two courses, and only two courses, are open to us. We must either support our members or repudiate them. As long as we recognize them as our representatives we have to thank them, one and all, for their labors in our country's cause, and afford moreover such an amount of financial support to those that need it as will enable them to live in frugal respectability in London."

THE CITIZEN is distinctly of opinion that the repudiation of the Irish Parliamentary party, as at present constituted, root and branch, would be the best thing that could happen to the Irish cause. They have basely betrayed the trust reposed in them by the Irish people—first betraying the leader that led that people within sight of victory—and, unfortunately, Archbishop Croke and other Irish prelates are not by any means blameless in the matter. As usual, they listened to the song of the Whig siren and were shorn of their strength, as, indeed, they deserved to be. Their position at present is pitiable. They see the destruction that has been wrought and are powerless to remedy it. Parnell was dethroned to please the "Grand Old Spider" of Hawarden, and the result is chaos and humiliation. It is written of MacEgan, bishop of Ross, that, when made prisoner by Lord Broghill and offered his life if he would advise an Irish garrison to surrender, he sacrificed his glorious life rather than do it, openly advising the Irish soldiers to fight to the latest breath.

> Remember 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
> Our countrymen never relied on the faith
> Of truce or of treaty but treason ensued.
> And the issue of every delusion was death.

So also with the Irish prelates and parliamentarians who surrendered the garrison of their independence at the bidding of Gladstone.

OUR NATIONAL NAVY.

Twelve years ago today, the United States of America had, practically, no navy fit to be mentioned in connection with that of the very meanest of maritime powers in any quarter of the globe. The Forty-eighth Congress may be given the credit of having begun the good work of reconstructing our best national weapon of defense. Small men, merely local patriots, sneered at the movement then, and called the advocates of "the new navy" Jingoists. Among the latter were included W. H. Calkins, of Indiana; Sunset Cox, of New York; C. H. Boutelle, of Maine; William McAdoo, of New Jersey; the Editor of THE CITIZEN, and some others. "Hatred of England" was the reason given by the opponents of the new navy, for its advocacy by the persons named. "They would do better to look after the immediate interests of their respective districts," was the verdict of the vulgar, who saw in congressional representatives only office-beggars and general utility men. Even old Holman of Indiana chimed in against the movement and said, in effect, "a navy is a useless extravagance, no foreign power will ever attack us." Well, we have lived to see the difference, and so has he. The White Squadron was evolved from the agitations and appropriations of 1883 in the national congress, and now, for the first time in generations, an American Secretary of State is able to say to an overbearing foreign power, "Apologize to the United States of America for firing on the flag or else—!"

America has again taken position as a naval power. She does not rank first, indeed, but she has taken a respectable position and has the nucleus of an effective fleet to guard her honor. She is on the high road to a grander naval destiny, and we have pleasure in reproducing the following figures from a Washington correspondence of the Chicago *Herald* to show our progress as a power on the high seas:

"WASHINGTON, March 16.—In these days of almost innumerable foreign complications it is a source of satisfaction to members of the government that the United States are gradually taking a higher rank among the naval powers. Where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire, and no one can tell when this country will need every war ship we can send to sea. In the judgment of public men there never was a time when this country had greater need of naval power than at present. Diplomatic complications are already numerous and vexatious. With our large coastwise commerce and the peculiar attitude which we occupy with reference to the remainder of the American continent, these international affairs are likely to continue from year to year with an increasing danger of warlike outbreak. At this juncture it is pleasant to know that the United States have just recovered the relative position as a naval power which they occupied at the beginning of the civil war. In 1860 the United States' rank in naval strength compared with the other nations of the world was as follows: (1) Great Britain, (2) France, (3) Russia, (4) Spain, (5) Sweden and Norway, (6) The United States.

"From this time forward our descent in the relative scale was disastrously rapid. We went down and down until in 1886, in addition to the countries already named, Germany, Austria, China, Japan, Holland, Turkey, Denmark, Greece, Brazil, Argentina, Chili and Portugal were able, in the order named, to present greater naval power than that possessed by the United States. From sixth place we had fallen to the nineteenth. In fact, only Peru and Mexico occupied a lower place than ours. It was in 1883 that the movement for building a new navy had its origin. A number of steel cruisers, among them the Chicago, were authorized by Congress in the spring of that year, but so slow was the progress of construction that a number of years elapsed before the new movement showed its effect in the relative rank of the United States as a naval power. Three years ago, or ten years after the institution of the new policy, the United States had risen to eighth place. Now we have gained one more notch in the ascent of the ladder, displacing Spain, and when the vessels for our navy now authorized are built the rank of the navies of the world will be as follows: (1) Great Britain, (2) France, (3) Italy, (4) Russia, (5) Germany, (6) The United States. The remaining naval powers follow in this order: China, Japan, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Turkey, Denmark, Greece, Brazil, Argentina, Chili, Portugal, Peru, and Mexico.

"The ships authorized by the late congress will, when completed, lift us above Spain and place us very nearly on a par with Germany in naval strength. In fact, in the judgment of some experts, we should be able to hold our own against the German fleets in case of war. It is also a satisfaction to know that we have now reached a point in the art of ship building which enables us to turn out ships of the first rate in a period of three years from the laying of the keel. It is confidently expected by Secretary Herbert and his assistants at the navy department that the two mammoth battle ships authorized by the late congress, at a cost of $4,000,000 each, will be finished and ready for sea by the first of January, 1898. This rapid progress is made possible by the development of American plants for the manufacture of armor plate, as well as by the growth of our ship-yards, and it is believed that the United States now stands second among the nations in ability to construct great naval vessels expeditionsly, Great Britain only excelling us in this respect. The English have recently turned out a number of first-class battle ships in two years, but in France, Russia and Germany the average time consumed in the construction of such vessels is four years."

All this is very consoling, when contrasted with the recent past, but there is no good reason why America cannot do much better. We ought to be in a position to fear the menace of no foreign power, and to be able to assert ourselves not alone against the fleets of naval countries of the second-class but also against those of the first. No fleet has ever menaced the national liberty, but it has ever been the terror of the foreign foe. All hail the growing American navy! and honor to the patriotic ex-rebel Secretary of the Navy, General Herbert, who is doing his duty like the gallant gentleman that he is.

DEATH OF THE O'NEILL DE TYRONE.

Ireland has lost her best Franco-Irish friend in the person of the venerable Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone (The O'Neill)—a lineal descendant of Shane the Proud—who died in Paris recently at an advanced age. Although his family has been exiled from Ireland for nearly 300 years, Viscount de Tyrone was as hearty a sympathizer with the Irish cause as any man born on Irish soil. He was intensely proud of the patriotic traditions of his illustrious ancestry, and always hoped to see the Tricolor of France waving on Irish soil in association with the Green Flag for the liberty and independence of the land of his forefathers. His death has caused widespread regret in France, and an Irish exchange says he was well known in Dublin, whither he came as a honored guest, in company with the late Count de Flavigny, on the occasion of the O'Connell centenary. Viscount de Tyrone, says the *Freeman*, was the leading spirit in organizing the Irish National banquet, which is annually held in Paris on St. Patrick's Day, at which he uniformly presided. He was distinguished for great energy and firmness of character, with which was combined a disposition amiable and conciliating, which won for him the esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He distinguished himself by dauntless courage in saving the lives of many imperiled in the great inundations of 1853, and in recognition of his gallantry on the occasion he was named Chevalier, and subsequently Officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1873, while Marshal MacMahon was president, he was made counsellor to the Prefecture of the Seine, and subsequently made Officer de l'Instruction Publique. He was in his 83d year, having been born at Martinique on Sept. 14, 1812, and was educated at the Catholic College of Juilly, of which he was the devoted patron and friend to the last. The Superior of the College was one of the mourners at his funeral. His life was that of a devoted and fervent Catholic, and, in his last moments, strengthened by the sacraments of the church, he was consoled by the pious prapers and loving care of his affectionate family. The office and mass for the repose of his soul took place at the parish church of St. Honore, the church being draped in black, with the coronet and monogram of the deceased Viscount on the drapery around the church. In addition to the great number of French priests, these were present: The Baron de Bodman, son in law of the deceased; the Baroness Bodman, his daughter; Messrs. Charles and Julian O'Neill de Tyrone, his nephews; the Very Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M.; president of the Irish College; the Very Rev. John Flynn, C.M., Irish College; the Very Rev. Dominic O'Neill, C.P., Dublin; the Very Rev. Osmund Cooke, C.P., Superior, 50 Avenue Hoche; Count O'Connell, Count O'Kelly, the Countess de Rohan Chabot, the Countess de Laborde, the Countess de Cambacieres, the Count de Camisier, the Marquis de Dreux Brere, the Baron de Fontenay, the Baron de Cambray, the Viscount and Viscountess de Belefouds, the Marquis de Rosaubo, the Countess de Clurny, Mme. la Marquise de Cluguy, Mme. la Barrone de Basta, and many other people of note.

GEORGE B. SWIFT.

One of the most disgraceful features of modern politics is the attempt to drag religion into political discussions. A shameful story is in circulation to the effect that Hon. George B. Swift, the Republican nominee for mayor, took the part of one of the factions in the unfortunate quarrel now in progress in a Polish Catholic congregation. Those who know Mr. Swift do not need to be told that this story is false. Unfortunately, however, there are always a number of voters in a city like Chicago who do not know the candidates. Mr. Swift, who is making a thorough canvass of the city, addressed a Polish meeting. He was accompanied by an Irish Catholic, Mr. Thomas W. Sennott. He spoke exclusively about municipal affairs and, of course, never alluded to any religious controversy.

Mr. Swift is a brainy man and a broad-guaged one. As an illustration of his freedom from prejudice it may be mentioned that Ald. William D. Kent, of the Eleventh Ward; Thomas W. Sennott, who was clerk of the probate court; and Thomas McNichols, now a county commissioner, are all indebted to George B. Swift for their nominations. Among Mr. Swift's personal friends are the Editor of THE CITIZEN; Alexander Sullivan, Father Hodnett and John M. Smyth. A bigot would not be able to include such men among his devoted friends.

THE CITIZEN does this act of justice to Mr. Swift in the same spirit which prompted it to defend Judges Burke and Payne, one a Democrat and the other a Republican, when those gentlemen were accused unjustly of being bigots; and in the same spirit in which it says frankly that John S. Cooke, candidate for treasurer on the Democratic ticket, is a reputable business man and an honorable citizen.

OUR ARCHBISHOP'S APPEAL.

His Grace Archbishop Feehan, in a circular letter addressed to the clergy of the archdiocese, makes a strong appeal to the Catholics of the community to aid the distressed people of Nebraska and Kansas who suffered so terribly from the droughts of last summer and fall. The principal assistance they need is in the direction of seed for the coming spring. If they do not receive the needed help they will soon be in a more deplorable condition. The people of Nebraska and Kansas, in common with the humane everywhere, nobly aided Chicago in her day of desolation, immediately following the great fire of October, 1871, and it is only proper that all Chicagoans, of whatever creed, race or station, should aid their afflicted fellow-citizens in a liberal manner. We sincerely hope that the noble appeal of our good Archbishop, whose big Irish heart overflows with sympathy for all his fellow creatures, will meet with a fitting response.

THE DOCTOR'S "DUDS."

Our good and liberal minded friend, Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of the People's Church, has fallen on evil days. He lectured on "Daniel in the Lion's Den" at McVicker's Theatre last Sunday, and, appropriately enough, seeing that Hagenbeck's animals occupied the place together with the people, looked as if the raiment had been torn off his back by the tawny terrors of the African jungle. Dr. Thomas, in fact, appeared upon the stage arrayed in an old overcoat, a worn-out pants, a faded necktie and a paper collar. His shoes looked the worse of the wear, and how all this came about is best explained by the Chicago *Tribune* of Monday, which reports the Doctor as saying:

"There is no saint here today who can exercise an influence over the lions and tigers we have with us. But I am willing to call them my brothers; and all I ask of them is to keep still until I get through. If they do not they may amuse us a little, but they cannot disturb us." Here Dr. Thomas furtively glanced at his tightly buttoned overcoat and his ancient trousers. After a moment's pause he went on: "Things have not gone so prosperously at my home, however, as they have in my pulpit. This morning when I reached for the suit of clothes in which I usually preach it was gone. (Titters in the congregation.) When I looked for my every-day suit, that was gone too. (Laughter all over the house.) When I fell back on my military suit, that was gone. (Much loud laughter.) When I went for my costume de ceremonie, that was gone. (Long continued laughter.) They did not get my pants because I had them on. (Explosions all over the house.) And they didn't get my pocketbook because it was in my pants. (Everybody apologetic.) Well, this is the explanation of my present forlorn appearance.' After a pause he added solemnly: 'I hope the collection this morning will be a liberal one.' The people were exhausted, but they laughed the best they could, and he said quickly: 'Ah, you saw a point in that request that I did not intend. If I were unable to buy a new suit I would never suffer with this great big generous church behind me.' * * * The sound of the organ in the prelude seemed to enrage the whole menagerie, and they performed a sort of obligato which was so comical the organist nearly fell over on the keyboard with laughter. During the sermon also, notwithstanding Dr. Thomas' request that they would keep still until he had got through, the wild animals insisted on punctuating his discourse with apparent ejaculations of disapproval. One passage may be taken as a sample: 'Can this immortal spirit perish? (Bow, bow-wow.) Will I not live until yonder stars go out in night? (U-ugh, u-ugh, u-ugh.) Ah, yes, I am a deathless spirit. (Oo-oo-aw, oo-oo-aw, oo-oo-aw.)' The audience tittered some at first, but soon settled down to enjoy one of Dr. Thomas' best sermons."

TICKETS IN THE FIELD.

Following are the different city, judicial and town tickets placed in the field by the respective political parties:

REPUBLICANS.

Mayor	George B. Swift
Treasurer	Adam Wolf
Attorney	Roy O. West
Clerk	James R. B. Van Cleave
Judge of Circuit Court	Charles G. Neeley

DEMOCRATS.

Mayor	Frank Wenter
Treasurer	John S. Cooke
Attorney	George A. Trude
Clerk	William Mangler
Judge of Circuit Court	Robert R. Jampolis

PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Mayor	Dr. Bayard Holmes
Treasurer	W. W. Weaver
Attorney	Seymour C. Steadman
Clerk	James Rathgerber
Judge of the Circuit Court	Oscar E. Leinen

PROHIBITION.

Mayor	Arthur J. Bassett
Treasurer	Lloyd C. Spencer
Attorney	William H. Craig
Clerk	Louis Dretske

SILVER PARTY.

Mayor	Ebenezer Wakely

The Republicans have made the following nominations in the various towns:

SOUTH TOWN.

Assessor	Ambrose L. Thomas
Collector	James A. Hogan
Supervisor	Charles L. Sherlock
Clerk	Edward H. Wright

WEST TOWN.

Assessor	Jacob M. Horn
Collecter	Fred Erickson
Supervisor	Patrick Barry
Clerk	

NORTH TOWN.

Assessor	William Ball
Collector	Paul Redeiske
Supervisor	William Elsfeldt, Jr
Clerk	B. F. Clettenberg

HYDE PARK.

Assessor	T. B Skeeles
Collector	John Hamburg
Supervisor	Nicholas Birkoff
Clerk	H. C. Robinson

LAKE VIEW.

Assessor	Fred J. Tucker
Collector	Scott McVeigh
Supervisor	G. W. Lundin
Clerk	Emil Zimmer

JEFFERSON.

Assessor	N. D. Corkins
Collector	A. J. Stockhoff
Supervisor	R. J. Youngquist
Clerk	P. H. Gordon

LAKE.

Assessor	Richard Shutters
Collector	John E. McDonough
Supervisor	Louis G. Lundquist
Clerk	C. W. Gurney

The Democrats have made the following nominations:

SOUTH TOWN.

Assessor	Jacob W. Richards
Supervisor	Bernard J. McGuire
Collector	S. George Miller
Clerk	William J. McAllister

WEST TOWN.

Assessor	James McAndrews
Supervisor	John Noonan
Collector	Louis C. Legner
Clerk	E. G. Warwick

NORTH TOWN.

Assessor	John W. Ela
Supervisor	J. J. Solomon
Collector	Hubert A. Seifert
Clerk	James Brennan

HYDE PARK.

Assessor	Eli E. Wright
Supervisor	James J. Kelly
Collector	Alfred C. Mace
Clerk	James J. Kilcran

LAKE VIEW.

Assessor	E. S. Dreyer
Supervisor	Frank Tyrell
Collector	George Irving
Clerk	William Jensen

JEFFERSON.

Assessor	William Johnson
Supervisor	Lafayette Hopkins
Collector	Timothy F. McCarthy
Clerk	Frank Loubski

LAKE.

Assessor	John Schroeder
Supervisor	Jesse Sherwood
Collector	William Houlihan
Clerk	John Dooly

The Prohibitionists placed the following town tickets in the field, but none of the candidates have qualified:

SOUTH TOWN.

Assessor	William F Kellett
Collector	W. H. Howie
Supervisor	R. K. Jones
Clerk	Israel Hoagland

WEST TOWN.

Assessor	Robert J. Mossap
Collector	Ole Knudson
Supervisor	T. J. Reynertson
Clerk	John A. Ruth

NORTH TOWN.

Assessor	Ira J. Mason
Collector	E. S. Nethercult
Supervisor	J. L. Seward
Clerk	John Knotson

GREAT Irish celebrations were held on St. Patrick's Day in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco, Charleston, New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Nashville, Detroit, and other great American cities. At Detroit, John F. Finerty was the principal speaker, the chairman being the famous "John Donovan of Bay."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The attraction at the Schiller next week will be the wonderful and wonder-working Kellar, now generally admitted to be the world's greatest magician. The engagement begins Sunday evening and the house is certain to be crowded, as Kellar is immensely popular in Chicago. His great popularity is attributable to the fact that he is far in advance of any magician, stage wizard or even mind reader and occult scientist of this or any age. The feats, manifestations and illusions which this season create Kellar's entirely new entertainment, far excel even the most surprising feats of magic or sleight of hand. He traveled in the Old World considerably last year, and in India acquired the mastery of some of the strangest and most inexplicable Hindoo mysteries and illusions. No less a person than the celebrated Prof. Heinrich Hensoldt confessed himself completely baffled by one of Kellar's startling scenes, "The Mystic Light of Bala." This feature, with another one of similarly remarkable character, "The Shrine of Koomra Sami," Kellar for the first time now presents to the American public.

FOREIGN-BORN HOME-OWNERS.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

The Census office is no respecter of persons or of nationalities, and its figures-that-cannot-lie are telling some strange tales. For instance, if ownership of homes and farms means anything, the last census bulletin shows that the native white citizens are inferior to the Scandinavian immigrants, and if mortgages indicate anything, the native white American is shown to be less thrifty than the negro, the Chinaman, or the red Indian.

It appears that 51.48 per cent of the white occupants of farms and homes in this country are owners, while 48.52 per cent are tenants. Dividing the property-owners by their nationalities, we find that the immigrants from Norway, Sweden and Denmark head the list with 60.64 per cent of all Scandinavian-Americans as owners. Of the native white Americans 52.99 per cent are owners; of the Germans, 52.47; of the Frenchmen, 47.46, and so on down through the list, until we come to the Russians and Poles, 31.38, and Italians, 14.51 per cent. In other words, the Scandinavians, native Americans and Germans are the only classes whose percentage of ownership exceeds the general average of the whole country, and the Italians are least interested in the soil and in the permanency of property values.

Leaving the cities for the moment and looking only at the farms, one is astonished to find that, with the single exception of the Italians, the native Americans own the smallest percentage of the farms they occupy. The percentage of farm ownership for the whole country is 71.65. The percentage of Italian farm owners is the smallest, 67.56, while the native Americans come in second from the bottom of the list, with 69.35. The Irish farmers stand at the head with nearly 87 out of every hundred owning the farms that they occupy.

The state of affairs in the cities makes a better showing for the natives. Here the general percentage of owners in all cities is 39.41, and of renters 60.59; and the Americans are a little above the average, with a percentage of 40.52 home owners. Even here the Germans and Scandinavians appear more thrifty, as shown in the following table giving the ownership percentages of foreign-born residents in 58 cities of more than 50,000 population:

Nationality.	*Percentage owners.*	*Perc'tage free homes.*
German	31.85	61.39
Scandinavian	24.60	45.04
Irish	24.49	68.83
Scotch	24.19	62.90
French	24.09	74.61
English and Welsh	23.49	56.79
Austrians and Huns	21.93	58.87
English Canadians	19.77	53.54
Russians and Poles	14.87	43.39
Canadian French	13.87	45.79
Italian	6.28	70.82

When we come to consider the mortgages on farms and homes together, the native Americans make the very worst showing of all, coming at the tail end of the procession with 71.23 per cent of their property incumbered. The conclusion is inevitable that the Americans are most prone of all to live beyond their means or to invest upon their expectations.

How I Came to Write Ben Hur.

When I began upon my subject, says Gen. Lew Wallace in *Home and Country* for March, it seemed dry to me. I searched for some way to make it bright, to give it a color of pastime, and yet to keep it interesting. My manuscript had ended with the birth of Christ, and I determined to go on to the end, but obstacles seemed to hem me in on every side. It has been said that one should never start without being able to see the end from the beginning, but in this instance the intermediate state loomed up before me like a giant of despair. I had my beginning. Could anything be more remarkable or beautiful than the birth of Christ? No book ever had been published with a theme fuller of romance and poetry. I saw my conclusion. A climax, which, in its tragic intensity, could not be surpassed. What could be more stupendous than the crucifix? But what was I to do with the eighteen or twenty years which had elapsed from the time when the Child was taken to the Passover, and when He had become a Man, with a mission! I at length decided to use that interval to show the condition of the country at the time, and of the need for the Christ-Man. There was no lack of interesting features, life was full and joyous, but with the exception of a few pearls by the wayside, there was no suggestion of religion.

I was fully aware that to make my work acceptable it must be painted in actual colors. The Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, must be real characters, and the only way to accomplish this was to make constant reference. I thoroughly examined books, catalogues and maps, and when I began writing, I had a chart before me which showed the sacred places, and the country which I was to describe. Travelers told me of animals, and gave me local coloring, and constant reference saved me from mistakes. My greatest obstacles seemed insurmountable. A Christian world would not tolerate a novel with Christ as its hero. Yet I realized the necessity of writing of Him, of keeping Him constantly as the leading figure, yet with no sermonizing. It is a noted fact that few books which have been written by preachers have met with success.

When So Many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN CHICAGO

The Memory of Ireland's Patron Saint More Enthusiastically Honored This Year Than Ever Before.

The Principal Feature of the Day Was the Great Parade—The Streets Thronged With People.

The streets around Haymarket Square on St. Patrick's Day were crowded with people wearing shamrocks and green ribbons. A score of boys had climbed up on the Haymarket monument, and some were perched in unstable equilibrium on the railing round it. The roofs of the buildings in the vicinity afforded good points of view for hundreds of others. From all directions, says the *Herald*, military organizations and civic societies with green predominating in their regalia were marching toward the rendezvous with bands playing and banners waving. A score or more of aids with red, white and blue sashes and green feathers in their chapeaux, some of them with beribboned batons, were trying to direct the various organizations to their places in the formation and at the same time keep their horses from running down any of the people in the crowd. Everywhere were young men with shrill voices and bundles of green paper under their arms, calling out popular Irish songs or programmes of the parade. The St. Patrick's Day parade was forming. To add to the seemingly inextricable confusion of bands and crowds and marching bodies, two lines of street cars, with their clanging bells, passed and repassed. It was time for the procession to start, but it seemed impossible for order to come out of such confusion, good natured, orderly and patriotic though it was.

From early in the morning there had been unequivocal signs that it was Ireland's day. The whole town blossomed out in green ribbons. Convivial parties in carriages decked with green flags, drawn by horses caparisoned in the same color, were driving about the city gathering enthusiasm for the parade which was to celebrate the day.

At many of the Catholic churches the feast of St. Patrick was celebrated with special services. Nearly all the sermons preached had special reference to the life and works of St. Patrick and the lessons to be drawn therefrom. At St. Thomas' church, Father Carroll's sermon was in Gaelic, the language of the people to whom St. Patrick went as a missionary. At St. Patrick's church on the West Side the services were conducted with especial pomp and magnificence, being participated in by Archbishop Feehan.

The celebration of the day was not confined to the churches, nor to the parade, nor even to Sunday, nor to the people whose patron saint St. Patrick is. It began Saturday and continued Monday. And all nationalities gave more or less recognition to it. Saturday evening there were scores of social gatherings all over the city at which the green of Ireland was worn. The Standard club gave a party at which the guests all wore green dominoes. Monday evening a number of Irish societies celebrated in a more formal way.

But the characteristic celebration of St. Patrick's Day is the St. Patrick's Day parade. That is the occasion when Irish patriotism and the love for things specifically Irish may be displayed.

Seldom has the 17th of March in Chicago fallen on a better day for a parade. In spite of a wind which made the dust annoying, it was a glorious day. Though the wind had disagreeable features, it was not chilly. The sun shone as bright and cloudless in the sky as it did in the sunburst on so many of the banners carried in the parade. The streets, for the most part, were in good condition for the paraders, whether they walked or rode. The dust that blew in their faces and found lodgment on wearing apparel till the owner could write his name on his own garments was evidence that there was little mud on the pavements. So that whether one put on green regalia and marched in the parade or a green ribbon and stood with the crowds that lined the streets through which the parade passed he could enjoy participation in this time-honored celebration of a saint's day.

The time set for the parade to start was 2 o'clock, and it was only a few minutes after that when the Seventh Regiment band struck up the Washington Post March, and Chief Marshal M. J. Kelly, side by side with his adjutant, Father Scanlan, and followed by a body of aids, started east on Randolph street from Haymarket square. Preceding them, as is the invariable custom, was a platoon of police.

The crowds that had gathered at the place of rendezvous from all parts of the city took their cue from this and quickly distributed themselves along the line of march. From Haymarket square to Fifth avenue the sidewalks were literally jammed. At the Randolph street viaduct the trusses and girders of that structure were hidden by the boys who had perched themselves upon them to get a view of the parade.

At Fifth avenue and Randolph street there was a tremendous crowd, for it was here that the parade was to be reviewed by the mayor. But all along the line of march, a distance of four miles and a half, the sidewalks were crowded, and every doorstep and window had its allotment of sightseers.

On Cass street, from Chicago avenue to Superior street, there was another big crowd, for it was at this point the parade was reviewed by the Archbishop and clergy. For an hour after the parade had disbanded the streets were crowded with people making their way home to the different parts of the city, and the street-cars had the appearance of the rush hours on a week day.

The parade was in five divisions and was remarkable for two features. One was the predominance of uniformed bodies, and the other was the surprisingly large number of carriages. mail coaches and other pleasure vehicles it contained. It might be said there was one other particularly noticeable feature about it, and that was the fact that the bands in the line of march played so few Irish tunes. The life and drum corps did better in this respect, and gave the thousands who listened "Wearin' of the Green," "Garry Owen," "Killarney," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" and "God Save Ireland" ad libitum.

Mayor Hopking and the city and county officials had been invited to review the parade from the Briggs House, and with them were Frank Wenter, Harry Rubens and Stuyvesant Peabody. The parade was reviewed by Archbishop Feehan from the parlors of the parish residence of the Holy Name Cathedral. With him in the reviewing party were Father Fitzsimmons, pastor of the Holy Name parish, Chancellor Muldoon, Fathers Mooney, Feeley, Barry, Finn and Murray, and the officers of the High Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, Thomas Cannon, Valentine Schmittschmitt, Theodore Thiele and Michael Cyr.

At Chicago avenue and Cass street the parade was halted and the religious of the Sacred Heart presented Grand Marshal Kelly, through the children of the academy and the parochial school, with a handsome bouquet. As the little girl selected to make the presentation reached up to hand the bouquet to Marshal Kelly the crowd broke into a hearty round of applause. Father Scanlan, Marshal Kelly's adjutant, was also presented with a bouquet. This presentation of flowers to the marshal of the St. Patrick's Day parade is made annually.

The various organizations that participated marched in the following order:

Platoon of Police.
Grand Marshal M. J. Kelly.
Aids to Grand Marshal.
Adjutant, Rev. J. M. Scanlan.
Officers Irish-American Council and Clergy in Carriages.
FIRST DIVISION.
First Assistant Grand Marshal, M. R. Lynch, Commanding.
Band.
Seventh Regiment, I.N.G., Col. F. T. Colby in Command.
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew.
SECOND DIVISION.
Capt. J. P. Coan, Commanding.
Knights of St. Patrick, Mounted.
Band.
Father Mathew Cadets.
Father Mathew T. A. & B. Society.
Young Men's T. A. & B. Society.
St. Columbkille T. A. & B. Society.
Holy Family Cadets.
Holy Family T. A. & B. Society.
Annunciation T. A. & B. Society.
Annunciation Cadets.
St. Pius T. A. & B. Society.
Our Lady of Sorrows T. A. & B. Society.
Father Hagan T. A. & B. Society.
THIRD DIVISION.
Lawrence Henely, Commanding.
Band.
County Delegates, Ancient Order of Hibernians, in Carriages
Divisions 1 to 37, A. O. H.
FOURTH DVISION.
Edward Cahill, Commanding.
Gaelic Athletic Association Clubs:
Emmets.
Innisfails.
Shamrocks.
Davitts.
Grattans.
O'Connells.
Sarsfields.
Liberators.
O'Mahoneys.
O'Briens.
FIFTH DIVISION.
Michael McInerney, Commanding.
Band.
Clan-na-Gael Guards, Companies A, B, C, D and E, Maj. L. R. Buckley in Command.
Uniformed Rank, C.O.F.
Courts of Catholic Order of Foresters.
Parochial Societies.
Citizens on Foot.
Citizens in Carriages.
Platoon of Mounted Police.

Following was the line of march: From rendezvous, Haymarket and Desplaines street, east on Randolph street to Fifth avenue, north on Fifth avenue to Chicago avenue, east on Chicago avenue to Cass street, south on Cass street to Ontario street, west on Ontario street to Clark street, south on Clark street to Jackson street, west on Jackson street to Desplaines street, south on Desplaines street to Harrison street, west on Harrison street to Halsted street, north on Halsted to Adams street, east on Adams to Desplaines street, where it disbanded.

CLERGY HONORS ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Fifteen hundred people gathered at Central Music Hall last Monday night to conclude the St. Patrick's Day celebrations for the year. The affair was conducted by the Rev. Father Murray and the members of St. Bernard's parish of this city, and was the means of bringing together nearly all the prominent members of the Catholic clergy of Chicago. His Grace, Archbishop Feehan presided, and clustered around him on the stage were his principal assistants in the archdiocese. The decorations were simple but effective. The Archbishop's opening speech was that of an Irish patriot and churchman. Passing from a brief eulogy of St. Patrick he said that nowhere in history is there a parallel for the constant fidelity of the Irish people to the Irish priesthood and of the priesthood for the people. He paid a tribute to the priests who had sacrificed life, wealth and property in missionary work, and then gave way to the others on the programme. The principal address of the evening was that of a gifted orator, the Rev. Francis Ryan, rector of the cathedral at Toronto, Ont., who spoke on "Ireland's Hopes." He handled the subject from both religious and political standpoints, and demonstrated to his auditors that honesty of purpose, lofty patriotism, legitimate diplomacy and a reliance upon Divine justice would bring about the end desired by all Irishmen. There were also short talks on Ireland by the Rev. J. P. Dore, the Rev. A. G. McGavick and the Rev. D. P. O'Brien. The music consisted of Irish national songs by Master Bernard J. Doheny, Miss McCabe, J. P. Hanley, C. J. Sullivan, Miss Frances S. McCaffrey and Mrs. J. McCabe. Two features were the singing of "God Save Ireland" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," with the audience joining in the choruses.

PREACHED IN IRISH.

Rev. Father Carroll of St. Thomas' Church Delivers His St. Patrick Day Sermon in the Language of the Gael.

The Rev. Father John J. Carroll, pastor of St. Thomas' church, Fifty-fifth street and Kimbark avenue, followed his usual custom of delivering his St. Patrick's Day sermon in Irish. Last Sunday the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. After the service Father Carroll gave a St. Patrick's dinner. Following is a synopsis of the sermon, in English:

"When the Omnipotent projected this planet, into its rythmical sphere, as a part of His harmonious universe, it was not as a dead and crater-pitted planet, nor yet as one in its inchoate condition, but as one whose genesis was perfected by the hand of God. A world of surpassing beauty and life. The gift box of Pandora was but the merest trifle, a lean metaphor of poverty, compared to this superb creation. Its very soil was salted with rich ores, its rock-ribbed mountains were lined with gold and silver, its dark and forbidding crags, stood as guardian sentinels, over stores of metals and minerals of inestimable value. Down in the ooze of its seas, and buried in the slimy beds of its rivers, were gems brighter than the eagle's eye. Its ocean beds were strewn with priceless pearls. Its deluvial deposits held a fertility richer than the wealth of Ind. The wealth of Ind, the mines of Opher, and the riches of the seas, were but an iota compared to the force, energy, and power, dynamically conserved within its bosom, awaiting the master-touch that Cræsus-like would convert them into gold. It was the treasury of the Almighty.

"Such was the planet as it came from the hand of God. While yet the earth was new, in the dawn of human history, God bade the races to come into His presence, to stand before His face. He said to them, 'I created you free, you are the bond that links Me to my material creation, it remains for you to choose whether you shall become god-like, or by the abuse of the attributes with which I endowed you, to sink toward the condition of insensate matter. This earth is my treasure-house, within it are my gifts to mankind. The supply shall never be exhausted, but shall be disclosed only to such as make for themselves a master-key. The master key to unlock My treasure-house must be forged from virtue, reason and industsy. Go out before My face, possess the earth, and multiply upon it.' These are not the words which He revealed through His prophets to a select tribe, but words which He inscribed on the hearts of all men from the beginning.

"Obedient to the mandate of their Maker they set out to shape their destiny. History records the story: The yellow races became bad, the brown became worse, the black the worst of all. They lost gradually that primitive revelation, and sank into idolatry and barbarism, into fetishism and savagery. They forged no master-key to unlock the treasures of creation. Figuratively it was no wonder God repented to have made them, for they approached nearer the type of the senseless brute, than the image of the Infinite?

"There was, however, a pleasing exception, the Gaal-Scioth, children of Er, fair-faced, blue-eyed, dark-haired, approached the ad-intra prototype after which they were fashioned. They became god-like, in them their creator was well pleased, for it was to one of them, Ab-radh-am the promises were made.

"Around the foothills of the Caucasus they multiplied numerous as the sands of the seashore. With their wise blue eyes they read the law that rule nature. With the master-key of virtue, reason, and industry, they unlocked the resources of the planet. They began to tame the forces of nature to their use. They pointed the spear, they tempered the keen edged sword, they wrought the shield, they invented the bow and the arrow, and the cran-tuval, formidable weapons in the hands of such experts; with them they brought down the lion and the eagle. They added the strength and the swiftness of the war-horse to their own.

"As conquest necessarily preceded progress under those early conditions, they conquered, indeed the Erian* cavalry, and the Erian phalanx, were resistless. In the words of their own annalist: They outstretched their arms over all nations with mercy. When historians relate in a semi-humorous vein, that Alexander of Macedon claimed descent from Hercules, he showed himself a better master of genealogy than they, for he was in truth sprung from the Erians whom Iathbain (Javan) led.

"Like this the Erian began the groundwork of the arts: When he beached his long boat and turned its keel upward to shelter himself himself from the drenching storm, he saw with those wise blue eyes of his race, thrt all it required was a little underwalling, to make a permanent dwelling. It was the first of (Gothic) Architecture. He saw the regularity with which the heavenly bodies moved in their orbits, and began to measure seasons and time by them, that was the dawn of Astronomy. He perceived the fixity of certain stars, and by them began to guide his course over the waters at night, that was the beginning of Navigation. As the vista of marvelous discoveries lengthened, and new colonies were established, and heroic achievements multiplied, he invented the Alphabet, whereby to preserve their records for future generations, that was the birth of Literature.

"With the master-key of virtue, reason and industry, they opened, one after one, the departments which held the treasure-troves of the planet. They drove the mighty chariot of Progress from the foothills of the Caucasus to Ultima Thule. In that triumphal march, they spread laws, civilization, arts, and literature, through all lands. Even the colonies of this race, Greece, Carthage, Rome, etc., filled the earth with the echoes of their renown. It was from this people the great Christ was sprung, for he was, according to the flesh, descended from Abraham.

"Progress (the pursuit of the highest attainable perfection) became a trait of heredity with the Erian, optimum volebant, this explains why the Erians of all lands have adopted Christianity (in some form), while the yellow, brown and black races were contented to remain in their idol-cult, as they were prior to the advent of the Prince of Peace. If the Erian nations would but unite in a league of peace, the millennium seen by the prophets, would in a sense be at hand, for without war they could then outstretch their arms over all nations with mercy.

"But it transpires, alas, and the incident is laden with pathos: That after an existence of more than 4,000 years, the Gaal-Scioth tongue of the mighty children of Er is about to be silenced forever! True it is yet spoken by a few millions of the Gaal of Ireland and Scotland, but owing to their environment, this humble remnant of a god-like race can accomplish little toward its rescue. Some of the race who can spare it from their millions, should found colleges for its preservation, or at least 'Academie' and professorships, in our universities where its study would renew the face of the world of thought with the force of its richness and beauty.

"Whether the historian will record such a patriotic deed to their honor, or be compelled to write the pathetic story of its requiem to their shame, the future will disclose. The speech of the people, who by virtue, reason, and industry, forged the master-key which opened for mankind the treasures of earth and nature, deserves the highest gratitude. It is for this reason, on the recurrence of this festival every year, I publicly address you in this right noble tongue, as a loving tribute to that renowned race, who were the 'Titans' of civilization, the 'famous men of old.'"

*In speaking of the descendants of Er, I have adopted the form "Erian" as more proper philologically than the popularly used one "Ayrian," because it displays the root word more clearly.

TRAMORE.

["There are now living at Tramore, an Irish seaside resort near Waterford, no fewer than four centenarians: Martin Fitzgerald, aged 107 years; Mrs. Kennedy, aged 105 years; James Maher, aged 101 years, and Joseph Phelan, who has just completed his hundredth year."]

Now, you who find living a bore,
A bore,
Keep away from the town of Tramore,
Tramore!

For the air is so rare,
That the populace there,
However they try,
Cannot possibly die,
Till they're close to the age of five score,
Five score!

But if you would live to be five score,
Five score,
Make tracks for the town of Tramore,
Tramore!

Where you'll find by the shore,
Centenarians four
(There are possibly more),
And old people galore,
So healthy a town is Tramore!
Tramore!

There's marvelous Martin Fitzger'l,
Fitzger'l;
Mrs. Kennedy, grandest ould girl,
Ould girl;
Maher, Phelan aroo!
And O'Donnell aboo!
And Methuselah, too,
If he had but his due,
Would be found to have hailed from Tramore,
Tramore!
Would be found to have hailed from Tramore!

—*London Globe.*

THE FIRESIDE LITERARY CLUB.

Celebration in Honor of Ireland's Poet-Patriot, Thomas Davis.

One of the most successful entertainments was given by the Fireside Literary Club on Friday evening, March 8, at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. The officers and committee should feel highly elated at the grand response to their call, and the numbers who attended went away with glad hearts and hige hopes over the night's proceedings. Songs, music, recitations and speeches, all of the highest orde, were given, and a beautiful set of one hundred stereopticon views of scenes in Ireland, ending with pictures of her most illustrious heroes of the past ages, crowned the *fete* in honor of the immortalized poet-patriot of the Irish people, the true-hearted Thomas Davis.

In the absence of the appointed chairman, Mr. John T. Keating, the meeting was presided over by Mr. John J. Sherlock, secretary of the Fireside Literary Club and Irish-American Lyceum, who was introduced by Mr. John J. Hanrahan, treasurer of the Chicago Philo-Celtic Society. In a concise and well-directed address the chairman explained the aims of the Irish Fireside Literary Club, and said its motto was that of Davis:

"We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you."

Miss Ray Brophy, who possesses considerable merit as a pianist, gave a piano solo. Mr. W. J. Hogan's singing of "The Meeting of the Waters," was loudly encored. The appearance of the juvenile O'Hara sisters was greeted with applause, and the singing of "The Lost Path," by Miss Bernadetta, was well received. Mr. Henry G. Hill recited in his own inimitable style the "Green Above the Red."

The feature of the evening was an address on Thomas Davis by the Hon. M. V. Gannon, ex-president of the Irish National League of America. We regret that through want of space we are prevented from producing Mr. Gannon's eloquent oration in full, but it was equal to, if not above his usual standard. Mr. Gannon's address was received with frequent applause.

"Aileen Aroon" was sung by Mr. John J. Hanrahan, and in response to an encore sang "Tara's Hall." "O'Donnell Aboo" was then rendered as the Fireside chorus, in which the whole audience joined. Mr. Fanning gave a recitation which fairly "brought down the house." The chairman then introduced Mr. P. F. Holden, president of the Fireside Literary Club, who concluded the evening's entertainment with an eloquent and spirited address to the young Irish girls and boys of Chicago, asking them to join the ranks of the Irish Fireside Literary Club and assist them in creating in our people the spirit to "Educate that we may be free."

GAELIC POETRY.

Dan Diadha.

The following poem, by Geoffrey Keating, appeared recently in the Dublin *Gaelic Journal*, and was copied from a manuscript preserved in the Royal Irish Academy:

Caoin thá féin, a dhuine bhoicht,
De chaoineadh cacha coisg do shúil,
Ná caoin inghean, na caoin mac,
D'ár cuireadh fá bhrat i n-úir.
Caoin ar d-tás, do pheacaidh féin
Ria n-dul i g-crialdh dod' chorp,
Caoin, ó's eigean a h-ioc,
An Páis fuair Criost ar do shon.
Caoin ar fhulaing ar do scáth
Criost, do cheannuig cách i g-cruin.
Caoin A dhá láimh 's A dhá chois,
'S A chroidhe do scoilt an dall.
Eachaidh cach uile fá seach,
Na caoin neach d'á rachaidh uait:
Seach ar leagadh riamh i g-crialdh
Is doilighe dhuit thá féin, a thruagh:
Ar chruthaigh lámh dheas an t-Saoir,
Idir mhac, mhaoi, a's fir,
Ní bh-fuil acuinn, truagh na treun
Nach rachaidh uainn d'eug mar siu.
Dá bh-faicthea a n-deachaidh uait,
Mar atá na sluaigh-so fáinn.
Tar gach neach d'á n-deachaidh i g-crialdh
Do chaoinfeá thu féin ar d-tás.
Ar Sléibh Shíoin, lá na sluagh,
Hudh duibhe ná gual do ghné.
Budh nár leat, gidh h-áluinn, do chruth
Muna g-caoineadh tá abhus thá féin,
Teachtaire Dé, ó's é an Bas,
Dá raibh ort-sa 'na chás cruaidh.
Do dheánfadh tá th' aimhleas féin,
A's aimhleas an t-é do chuaidh.
Truagh sin, a bhochtain gan chéill,
Dá d-tuigfeá thú féin mar 'taoi.
Do léigfeá do chaoineadh cháich,
A's do bhéidhtheá go bráth ag caoi

Caoin.

"THE WAR OF WEALTH."

At the Columbia Theatre.

One of the greatest sights of Chicago during the next two weeks, beginning March 25, will be the marvelously sumptuous production of Charles T. Dazey's latest American drama entitled "The War of Wealth." Manager Jacob Litt is said to have spent a sum exceeding $50,000 upon the scenic and other ornamentations of this presentation. "The War of Wealth" illustrates incidents in American life and strongly contrasted types of character that are exceedingly interesting to all. It is a melodrama of the highest class. Its hero, Philip Norton, is a rich young American of leisure, who proves to be something better. Its heroine is a highly vivacious and unusual stage type named Mrs. Marcia Dudley, a charming but business-like American widow. One of its most stalwart characters is Robert Warfield, a great American banker. Flavius Remsen, the cashier of Warfield's bank, also proves himself a hero. The most stupendous situation ever seen upon the stage is shown in the run on the bank scene, wherein over 800 people appear, and in the midst of it all a genuine express wagon drawn by two steeds of fine mettle, is madly driven into view by the hero containing a half-million dollars in gold coin, which saves the bank. The great company includes Frederic De Belleville, Sidney Drew, A. S. Lipman, Joseph Wheelock, Edgar L. Davenport, Mary Shaw and Miss Ruth Carpenter. The latter's gowns are said to be a forecast of what the Paris spring styles will be, and are marvels of the modiste's art. Seats can be ordered by telephone, mail or wire.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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DARK DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

In the memory of men who lived in Washington during the months of July and August, 1864, those days will appear to be the darkest of the many dark days through which passed the friends and lovers of the Federal Union. The earlier years of the war, it is true, had been full of grit, despondency, and even agony; but the darkness that settled upon us in the summer of 1864 was the more difficult to be endured because of its unexpectedness. The hopes so buoyantly entertained by our people when Grant opened his campaign in Virginia had been dashed. No joyful tidings came from the army now; a deadly calm prevailed where had so lately resounded the shouts of victory. In every department of the government there was a manifest feeling of discouragement. In the field of national politics confusion reigned.

When congress adjourned on July 4, with the Wade-Davis reconstruction bill still unsigned, the turmoil inside of the Union Republican party was something terrific, and when, a month later, the Wade-Davis manifesto appeared, the consternation of the Republican leaders was very great. Early's invasion of Maryland and dash upon Washington, which caused a good deal of panic in the country generally, occurred about the middle of July. Right on the heels of this event came the President's call for 500,000 men, which was issued July 18, and the placing of a new two-million loan, which dropped upon the people about the same time.

Nor was the military situation any more cheerful. The awful fighting in the Wilderness and at Cold Harbor had fairly startled the country by the enormous loss of life sustained by the Army of the Potomac, apparently without any corresponding gain of position. The failure of the Petersburg mine, June 30, was another addition to the burden carried in the hearts of patriotic Americans. Chase's resignation of the secretaryship of the treasury, and the muddle which Horace Greeley had succeeded in creating by his futile mission to the rebel emissaries at Niagara Falls, had so worried the people that nobody appeared to know what was in the air—a compromise in the interest of peace, or a more vigorous prosecution of the war.—*Noah Brooks in The Century for March.*

OBITUARY.

LITTLE HUGH JORDAN.

THE CITIZEN regrets to have to announce the death of Hugh Patrick Jordan, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Jordan, which occurred at the residence of his parents, No. 296 Centre avenue, on the 16th inst. "Hughey," as he was affectionately called, was a bright, promising little boy, and his death has cast a deep gloom over the household of the young couple, who have the profound sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.

CORNELIUS F. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Cornelius F. O'Brien, son of the late Catherine O'Brien, and brother-in-law of James Storin, died at his residence, No. 35 Wendell street, on the 10th inst., after a somewhat prolonged illness. Mr. O'Brien was well known throughout Chicago, where he was born thirty-four years ago. He had made many friends during his short career, and was admired by all his acquaintances for his estimable qualities. The death is a particularly sad one, as he leaves a young wife with four children to mourn his loss. The deceased was educated in Notre Dame University, and was a class-mate of the late Judge Sugg and William T. Ball. The funeral proceeded from his late residence to Holy Name Cathedral, where the Rev. Fathers Dore and Scanlan officiated, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers were Hon. T. Lyman, Ald. Kelly, William T. Ball, Thomas Loftus, Edward Sugg, John Coleman, T. Byrne and M. J. Kelly. Among those present were County Commissioner John McCaffrey, Ald. Bidwell, Patrick Loftus, Ald. Carney, Henry McGuire, Capt. Hayes, Capt. Dollard, Lieut. John Dunn and many others. May he rest in peace.

MRS. NELLIE O'LEARY.

Mrs. Nellie O'Leary, nee Cotter, a native of Gorbnahoctey, parish of Eveleary, county Cork, Ireland, died at the residence of her daughter, No. 757 Thirty-sixth street, on the 13th inst. Pneumonia, resulting from a prolonged attack of the grip, was the cause of her death. The deceased lady was 65 years of age, forty years of which she and her husband spent in this city. Mrs. O'Leary's death is very much regretted by a large circle of friends, especially by her two daughters, Julia and Mrs. D. D. Good, and her grandchildren. Mrs. O'Leary was an estimable type of the race to which she belonged, and always took great pleasure in conversing about early association, and in fact in anything pertaining to Ireland. The interment took place on the 15th inst. at Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers were Thos. Kelleher, Jeremiah Cotter, John Good, Jeremiah Crowley, Ald. Morrison and Denis O'Leary. The funeral was largely attended, and among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Crowley, Mr. John McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. John Good, Mr. and Mrs. Hereley, Mrs. Denis O'Leary and family, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. Dowd, Officers Burns and O'Keefe and many others. May she rest in peace. D. D. GOOD.

MRS. MARY MANGAN.

Mrs. Mary Mangan, widow of James Mangan, and mother of Patrick J., John, William and the late Mrs. Ryan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was buried from the vault at Calvary cemetery on the 10th inst. The deceased lady was a native of Knockudhrahed, county Clare, Ireland, and was possessed of all the qualities and principles of the women of her race: she was kind, generous and patriotic, and was beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. May her soul rest in peace.

A Terrible Visitant.

Pain is always a terrible visitant, and often domiciles itself with one for life. This infliction is preventible, in cases of rheumatism, by a timely resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks the encroachments of this obstinate and dangerous malady at the outset. The term "dangerous" is used advisedly, for rheumatism is always liable to attack the vital organs and terminate life. No testimony is more conclusive and concurrent than that of physicians who testify to the excellent effect of the Bitters in this disease. Persons incur a wetting in rainy or snowy weather, and who are exposed to draughts, should use the Bitters as a preventive of ill effects. Malaria, dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility are also among the ailments to which this popular medicine is adapted. For the infirmities, soreness and stiffness of the aged it is highly beneficial.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

JOYANCE AND SPRING.

Dear, what hast thou to do
With the cold moon,
Free to range, dost to change
So far and soon?

Dear, what hast thou to do
With the hoar sea?
Love about is his own
Eternity.

Dear, what hast thou to do
With anything
In the wide world, beside
Joyance and spring?
—Bliss Carman in Town Topics.

HIS WAX FIGURE.

We had been discussing fame and its reward. We assumed that we, each and all of us, had attained eminence, and we speculated on the honor that we should elect to receive from a gracious sovereign and a grateful country. Some chose the Garter, others an earldom, others a pecuniary grant, but Colonel Holborow would have none of these. He poohpoohed them, and bringing his fist down on the table he declared:

"There is only one indisputable and supreme mark of greatness."

"And what is that?" asked one of us.

"Why, to be in the waxworks," said he.

"True, true!" I cried, but added sadly, "but it's almost impossible to achieve unless you commit a murder."

"I don't know about that," said Jack Dexter, who had up to that moment taken no part in the conversation. "I'm in a waxworks show myself, not in London, you know, but—well, have any of you fellows visited Petersburg?"

We all admitted that we had not.

"Ah, then you haven't seen my image," said Jack regretfully. "It's in Mme. Marribon's famous exhibition there."

"But, my dear Jack," said the colonel, "how in the world did it come about?"

"It's rather a curious story," said Jack. "I'll tell it you if you'll all promise that it shall go no further. You won't mind if I don't mention names?"

We promised discretion and said that we should be quite satisfied with A, B, C, or X, Y, Z, or such other symbols as Jack chose to adopt.

"Well," he began, "when I was a few years younger and a good deal more foolish than I am now—it was before that affair about Lady Mary Fitzmoine that I told you of the other day—I spent a winter at Petersburg, and there I made the acquaintance of one of the most beautiful women who, I suppose, ever lived."

Jack paused to allow the sensation to take full effect, but we showed no surprise, and with a slight frown he continued:

"I'll call her the Princess X.—Princess Nadia X. She was married to a grumpy wretch, who held a high position in the police and treated her, upon my word, little better than if she had been a nihilist. I pitied her. I must admit—I am among gentlemen—that I also admired her, and that a warm, although perfectly honorable, attachment sprang up between us. Her husband was, however, savagely and unreasonably jealous, and what with him, his spies and his mother (the worst spy of all) it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in seeing anything of the princess. I dared not to call at her house more than once a month, and I was driven—positively driven—to a thing for which I entertain the greatest dislike. I was, I say, compelled to make arrangements which insured my being present at various places of public resort—picture galleries and the like—at the times which the princess selected for visiting them. By these means we were enabled to enjoy many most charming conversations, and it was my privilege to support and sustain the princess in the very trying circumstances in which her lot was cast. I did this, I need not say, at very considerable risk. I was not blind to the danger I ran. Her husband wielded large and secret powers. Save that I was an English subject, I was entirely powerless against him, and it would have been a long time before the voice of a prisoner in the fortress of Peter and Paul reached the ears of the foreign office. However, I took the risk. Nadia needed me, and that was enough.

"But of all our rendezvous there was none which we found more convenient and suitable than Mme. Marribon's waxworks exhibition. It was a long way from the princess' residence, in an unfashionable quarter of the town, and was frequented mainly by persons who did not move in society and were quite unfamiliar with faces as well known in the great world as those of the princess and myself. Our only danger arose from the maidservants of our acquaintances and from the police, but by avoiding the gallery in which the figures of murderers and other criminals were exhibited we reduced this peril to a minimum—for of course the servants were attracted by the criminals, and the police were attracted by the servants. Our favorite nook was beside a group of savants of European reputation and immediately behind the prime ministers of Europe. This spot we usually had quite to ourselves.

"Well, one day we were sitting there. Poor Nadia had for a moment forgotten her troubles and was talking with the rare wit and brilliancy which marked her conversation when she was in good spirits. I was keeping up the ball of talk as well as I could and was gazing, not, I hope, too passionately, at her incomparable complexion and magnificent dark eyes—like deep water seen by moonlight, they were. Dear, dear!"

Jack paused for a moment and took a sip from his glass. We sipped sympathetically, and he regained his composure.

"Suddenly, just as I was telling the princess a most interesting occurrence which had befallen me on the journey out and brought me into contact with a person whose name you would all know if I were to mention it, the princess gave a startled little cry.

"'What's the matter, my dearest princess?' I asked.

"She pointed to the other end of the gallery.

"'It's my husband's mother,' she whispered. 'She must have had a suspicion and followed us. What shall I do?'

"I looked and perceived a large and stately old lady in gold eyeglasses approaching us. There was but one door to the gallery, and the approach to that was barred by the princess' mother-in-law. In another moment she would be upon us, and although I knew her to be nearsighted I could not hope that she would fail to recognize Nadia. If something were not done at once, we were ruined.

"Now, I never boast or make myself out cleverer than I am. I admit freely that I was at my wits' end. I could do nothing and think of nothing. Our salvation was due not to me, but to the quick woman's wit which lay in Nadia's perfect little head.

"'Quick!' she whispered. 'Step up on the platform—there—beside Kant. Fold your arms. Frown. That's right. What's that society you told me you belonged to—the one that has the animals?'

"'The Zoological,' I answered.

"'Yes, that's it. Stand quite still.'

"I obeyed her, and she seized from the feet of Isaac Newton a placard bearing a notice in Russian and French: 'It is strictly forbidden to touch the figures. Offenders will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law' (not a light matter, mind you, in Russia). She propped the board up against my legs, whispered, 'Be sure you don't wink!' and with a gracious, winning smile advanced to meet her mother-in-law. I had never admired her more than at that moment.

"'Why, have you heard of it, too?' she exclaimed.

"'Nadia! What are you doing here! Are you alone?'

"'Of course, dear. I came to see the model. Didn't you?'

"'What model, child?'

"'Why, of our friend Mr. Dexter.'

"'That young man?'

"'Yes. Don't you know he's one of the greatest zoologists in the world, and Marribon has just put up a model of him. Look, here it is!'

"I don't know that I'm more nervous than other people, but it was, I confess, a trying moment when the old lady put up her eyeglasses and stared at me. Dear Nadia stuck her pretty head on one side in a critical way and said:

"'I don't call it very good. Do you? It's so stiff and unnatural.'

"The old lady said nothing. She came a step nearer and raised her parasol. The old wretch was going to poke me!

"'Oh, but you mustn't touch it!' cried Nadia, turning pale. 'Look at the notice!'

"The old lady advanced her parasol. But at this moment one of the police appeared at her elbow.

"'You mustn't touch the figures, madame,' said he, and I blessed him for every word.

"Never a word did the old princess speak. She glared at me, she glared at Nadia, and she glared at the policeman, and she turned round and walked out of the gallery. The policeman followed her. Nadia softly clapped her hands. I sprang forward, seized her slim fingers and kissed them.

"'Oh, we're not safe yet,' she said. 'My mother-in-law suspects. Luckily the place closes in a quarter of an hour, and she can't do anything tonight, and the prince won't be back from Mosoow till the day after tomorrow. Jack there must be a real model of you by then.'

"I was amazed, but I listened to her instructions. Taking out her purse, she pressed it on me. I refused, but on finding that I had only a £5 pound note I was compelled to accept 20,000 rubles—the X.'s are fabulously rich, you know. I escorted the princess to a cab, and then I called on the proprietor of the exhibition.

"Well, to make a long story short, I, or rather the princess' rubles—I kept one, and wear it now on my watch chain; see, here it is!—overcame Mme. Marribon's surprise and swept away her scruples. I admitted that she might, not unnaturally, never have heard of Professor Dexter, but I told her that the name was a household word in all cultivated circles in England and America, and I promised her to pay all expenses and 10,000 rubles if a portrait model of the great zoologist stood beside Kant in 36 hours. The result was that by 6 o'clock in the evening I was sitting in an armchair and young M. Marribon was taking a cast of my features in plaster of paris. At this moment, however, there occurred an interruption which, if it had come a little sooner, would have ruined the whole affair.

As I sat, covered with the plaster, except where holes were left for sight and breathing, I saw, to my consternation, the same policeman who had been in the gallery in the afternoon enter the room. He brought with him an official notice.

"'Order from the minister of the interior,' he said. 'You're to close tomorrow—day of intercession for the safety of the czar ordered, and all public exhibitions to be closed.'

"I rejoiced to hear that. It smoothed my way, but I wished the policeman would take himself off.

"'Hello!' he said. 'Who have we here? I must have his name, please.'

"'This is Mr. Dexter, the great zoologist.'

"'Who's he? Come, M. Marribon, I must have that stuff off his face, you know. Why, he might be a nihilist, or anybody you like, and me none the wiser, with that stuff on him.'

"'But, my dear sir,' pleaded Marribon, 'the stuff won't come off. If I try to remove it before it hardens, it will tear off his skin with it.' That is the case with plaster of paris, you know, colonel.

"'Can't help it,' said the brute. 'I've got my orders, and no distinction is made as to the effect on the skin. I must see his face.'

"'Oh, impossible!' cried Marribon. 'It would be a barbarity! It will be dry in 15 minutes.'

"'Then I'll wait,' said the man, and he sat down.

"As you may suppose, my brain was busy during those 15 minutes. If I could speak alone to Marribon for an instant, I saw my way. An idea struck me. Speaking as well as I could through the mouth hole, I suggested that we were probably all thirsty, and I held out some rubles. Would the gentleman fetch some brandy? He wavered and fell. He was gone five minutes. When he returned, my face was uncovered and Marribon richer by some valuable instructions and a couple of thousand more rubles.

"'Why, you've got a figure of him already!' cried the policeman.

"'Certainly we had, but Mr. Dexter was not satisfied with it, so I have taken advantage of his visit here to take a fresh cast.'

"The man looked suspicious.

"'Where's the old one?' he asked.

"'It's melted down,' said Marribon suavely as he poured out the brandy.

"That peril was past. My next visit was to Marribon's advertising agents. By next morning we flooded the town with posters, announcing the new and interesting addition to the exhibition. I received scores of congratulations on my distinction, and also on my singular modesty, for nobody in Russia had ever heard of my fame as a zoologist before. I accepted the kind words of my friends with gratitude, and I invited a large company to lunch on the following day, proposing that we should afterward go and view the model. My guests included Prince and Princess X. and the prince's mother.

"Behold us, then, the next day in the gallery! Nadia and I were somewhat nervous, the prince as glum as usual, the old lady very curious, and the rest of the company politely interested. There was the model, and I am bound to say that it was not a very good one.

"'Yes,' said Nadia, 'it is stiff and awkward. I said so before to your mother, prince.'

"'Did you?' he growled.

"Then the old lady, who had been examining the figure carefully, burst out in acid triumph:

"'It's not the figure I saw! What's the meaning of this? The one I saw had a red flower in its buttonhole. Nadia, what's the meaning of this?'

"The poor girl flushed crimson, but I interposed with great suavity:

"'You are perfectly right, princess.' The figure is not the same. The one you saw was an experiment—a trial. It was considered unsatisfactory and was melted down. This is a new one. Isn't that so, M. Marribon?'

"'It is so, monsieur,' said Marribon, who was accompanying our distinguished party.

"'But,' cried the old lady, 'the one I saw was a thousand times better. It was most lifelike.'

"'Oh, did you think so, dear?' protested Nadia.

"Suddenly the prince turned furiously to Marribon.

"'Speak the truth,' he cried, 'as you told it to me at the police bureau this morning!'

"The wretch looked at me with an expression of helpless apology and behind him I saw that policeman!

"'Does M. le Prince cite M. Marribon to contradict me?' I asked haughtily.

"'You'll hear what he says. The truth, sir, not the lies you bribed him to tell.'

"Marribon had sold me! No doubt the policeman had smelt a rat, and the prince's threat had done the rest. In a trembling voice the wretch began to repeat the whole story of how I went to him. The old princess' eyes blazed with triumphant malice, the prince listened with a grim smile, and poor Nadia was as pale as a ghost, and, as you may suppose, I was very uncomfortable.

"'Then,' asked the prince, 'there was no figure of this gentleman here at all the day before yesterday?'

"'None, your highness.'

"'Yet my mother saw one, and you, policeman, saw one?'

"The policeman stepped forward.

"'I saw a figure, your highness,' said he.

"'I think we will ask Mr. Dexter to explain,' grinned the prince. 'Otherwise we must come to the conclusion that there was no figure.'

"I had nothing to say.

"'And,' he pursued, 'that a trick has been played, and that the pretended figure was Mr. Dexter himself, who undertook this deception for motives not hard to guess,' and he stared cruelly at the hapless Nadia.

"Every one was silent. The truth seemed now too plain to be denied. I saw what would happen. My portrait would be ignominiously ordered off, I ran a risk of worse things, and I did not dare to think what would happen to poor Nadia, who, overcome by shame, began to shed tears.

"At this moment a quiet, grave voice was heard. Everybody listened, for it proceeded from the Grand Duke A., who was (I forget whether I mentioned it before) one of my guests.

"'I can understand the princess' indignation and the emotion she shows,' said the grand duke. 'What I do not understand, and I desire to speak with all respect of Prince X., is the remarkable scene to which we have been treated. What may be the motives of this rogue,' he indicated Marribon, 'I do not know, but I am so happy as to be able to bear testimony, which will command, I venture to think, at least as much attention as that of a folllow who comes forward with such a tale. Pray, Prince X., are you willing to accept my word against that of your waxwork maker and your policeman?'

"Every one was astonished, I most of all. Nadia looked up with a gleam of hope in her eyes. Of course the prince could do nothing but bow deferentially and say:

"'Whatever your imperial highness speaks to needs, sir, no confirmation, and is affected by no contradiction.'

"'I am obliged to you,' said the grand duke stiffly. 'What I have to say is simply this—that in the morning of the day before yesterday, at the invitation of my good and distinguished friend, Mr. Dexter, whose merits the czar, no less than myself, is delighted to see recognized, I accompanied him to this gallery, incognito, for the purpose of giving him my opinion on the experimental figure. The figure was then in its place, and I inspected it in company with Mr. Dexter himself. It will hardly be suggested that I saw double.'

"He ceased. I dared not look at him. The prince and his mother were confounded, but they could say nothing. Nadia was full of gratitude and began to thank the grand duke warmly.

"'I have only said what any gentleman would,' said the grand duke, bowing respectfully to her.

"In fact, we triumphed all along the line, and there stands the model of me to this day, unless, of course, it has been removed since I was there."

"And what became of Marribon?" I asked.

"He got 12 months, the rascal, for slander. The prince was forced to do it by the grand duke."

"But, Jack," said the colonel, "why did the grand duke"—

"Oh, well," said Jack, "he was a very gallant man, and—this is between ourselves, you know—he had a tenderness for Nadia himself. She never returned it—why, of course, I don't know—which makes his conduct all the more handsome."

He rose and moved toward the door.

"She was a woman of great presence of mind, your princess," some one observed.

"Wonderful!" said Jack. "And of even more marvelous beauty," and he laid his hand on the door.

"What's become of her?" cried the colonel. "Do you ever see her now?"

"Never. I never shall again," said Jack, in tones of deep emotion, as he opened the door.

"But, good gracious, what's happened to her?"

Jack turned round as he was half way out of the room. He shook his head sadly, cleared his throat, and ejaculated one terrible word—"Siberia!"

And he shut the door.—Anthony Hope in English Illustrated Magazine.

A Maker of Glass Eyes.

Visitors to the World's fair will remember the quaint little workman who sat in one corner of a great building and made eyes from morning until night, part of them for dolls, part of them for human beings and occasionally one for a horse or some other pet animal. The workman, whose name was Muller, had come over from Germany to show how his people worked, and when the fair was over he set up a little shop in Chicago and tried for awhile to make his industry flourish on American soil. But after a time he found that the wholesale dealers persisted in sending across the water for their supplies, and he grew so homesick that he finally returned to the fatherland, and he is now doubtless working in some one of the quaint little Thuringian villages.

It will be remembered that he was marvelously deft in his work. First he blew a bulb from molten glass. Then, when it was cold, he carefully broke off one side so as to leave a shell, the edges of which were blunted by melting. He secured the proper size of eye by having the person for whom it was made stand before him as he worked. Having the shell complete, he bent down over a Bunsen burner, and just touching its upper surface to the flame he worked the eye design on the glass with little sticks of varicolored glass, the points of which were melted in the flame.

The work required a wonderfully steady hand and a true eye in order to make the iris and the retina of the proper color and shape. The workman is so skilled that he can copy direct from the person who stands before him. —Chicago Record.

Why She Was Out.

She came in answer to my advertisement for a "waiting maid." She was towheaded, pimpled and freckled. When I questioned her as to her ability to fill the above named position, she answered with modestly dropped eyes and promiscuously dropped "h's. When I inquired why she had left her former situation, she told me the following story: "The loidy where I lived larst 'ad a 'arnsome little poodle dawg nymed Scipio. She nymed 'im harfter a hansunt Rummun—I suppose because 'e was such a little rum un isself. Scipio, 'e was troubled with somethink of a hirritatin natur', an the missus harsked me to herradicate it. So I saturated Scipio with turpentine an shut 'im in a room with a good 'ot fire, so he wouldn't ketch cold. Scipio, 'e was a werry hintelligent hanimal, 'e was, an feelin cold an damp 'e poked the fire a bit with his toyl. W'en I went hinto the room a' 'arf 'our later, there wasn't a 'air or 'ide or heven a grease spot left o' 'im, an thot's why I'm looking for another sitooation, mem."—London Truth.

The Biggest Goose.

I heard the other day an amusing tale of a certain well known English nobleman who had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them, and on leaving his estate for town left also strict injunctions that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg arrived in due course; but, as artists have found before now, the lady declined to "sit." The steward, however, was an ingenious man and thought of a substitute, but his powers of composition were by no means on a par with his inventiveness, and he announced the interesting event to his master in the following terms:

"The emu has laid an egg, but we were in a great difficulty, as she would not sit on it. I did what I thought was best, and in your lordship's absence I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate."—Pall Mall Gazette.

BURNAND OF PUNCH.

Chat With a Man Who Furnishes Alleged Humor Once a Week.

When I wrote F. C. Burnand asking him to grant an interview, I did it with trepidation, having heard that he objected to the modern inquisition of the interviewer. My eloquence evidently prevailed, however, for he replied that I might have the satisfaction of executing my editorial commission. It could only be a "sketchy" affair, as at the present time he was so very busy that his leisure moments were few and precious. As probably I knew as much about him as was necessary, I should let him off easily.

I had to be contented with merely catching a glimpse of him in his comfortable study at the "Boltons." He was preparing to start off for the Savoy, where he was occupied in rehearsing his new piece.

"Of the many comic papers Punch is decidedly the only one that appears to excite a vague, mysterious interest in the bosom of the reading public. What is the cause, Mr. Burnand?"

"Probably the hebdomadal dinner, at which it is supposed, no doubt, that the jokes are handed round to be digested."

"When was Punch started?"

"Punch was started in 1841, a year of three eventful P's—the introduction of penny postage and the birth of the prince. It was to be a comic chronicle of the times."

"And its first editors?"

"Were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor."

In their identical chair now sits Mr. Burnand, who no doubt, through his other works, is better known to the general public than his predecessors. Francis Cowley Burnand was born on Nov. 29, 1836. His very earliest years showed a promise of literary talent. At Eton his little plays were acted in his tutor's room, and at the age of 14 his "Guy Fawkes' Day" was produced at Worthing. He carried his energies on to Cambridge, where he founded the A. D. C., which still flourishes.

Mr. Burnand quite made up his mind that the church should be his profession. And from reading at Cuddesdon he passed to St. Charles' seminary to study under the late Cardinal (then Dr.) Manning, which resulted in his discovering that the cure of souls was not his vocation. His earliest contribution to Punch dates back to 1855, when he sent in a drawing which was reproduced by the great John Leech. Though the stage has always possessed a great attraction for him, journalism equally claims him as one of its successful lights. With what other papers was he connected? He once edited a small paper, The Glowworm, when Arthur A. Beckett was his "sub." He contributed a good deal to Fun. In fact, it was through Fun not seeing his idea of a literary joke that brought him directly in connection with Punch.

"What was the idea?" I asked him.

"The burlesquing of popular novelists of the day. Of these 'Mokanna' appeared in Punch Feb. 21, 1863. It was attributed to Thackeray. The idea regularly caught on, and soon after that I joined the staff, on which for a long time, owing to my youth, I was called 'The New Boy.'"

The new and original style of "Happy Thoughts" won him popularity as a true wit. Its very simplicity of quaint humor appealed to all. "Happy Thoughts" and Burnands are synonymous, and not undeservedly so. The same keen sense of humor runs through every line of his writing.

"When did you become editor?" was my next question.

"I succeeded to the editorial chair in 1880. Though a post of honor, the life of an editor of a comic journal is not exactly a happy one, for many people seem to imagine that a joke has only to be made, and it becomes 'good enough for Punch!' The home of the feeble funny story lies in the waste paper basket of The Punch office."—London Sketch.

"Shoes Half Soled While You Wait."

"Your shoes half soled while you wait" is a Seventh avenue sign which recalls many pleasant memories to the man who was raised in the back country and paid periodical visits to the crossroads cobbler during boyhood days. The face of an old man with all of his hair on his chin, and that white with age and streaked with tobacco juice, sitting on a low shoemaker's bench in a little back kitchen of a log house in the woods rises before me as I pass. I smell the sole leather soaking in the tub near the redhot kitchen stove and hear the play of the shining hammer as the old man beats the stiff cowhide on his knee. And such knees! Many a time have I seen him crack walnuts on them with no other protection than his shoemaker's apron. The old man always performed that trick for my boyish edification as I sat metaphorically at his feet of a cold winter's night and my shoes were being half soled while I waited. It seemed to give him as much pleasure as it did me.

He was a philosopher who had seen much of the great world and had retired from it to the low cabin in the backwoods of northern Indiana, and as he drove the boxwood pegs home with certain aim he awoke in me the overmastering desire to see some of that same world on my own account. He seemed to me to know everything worth knowing and scrupled not to part with fractions of that knowledge upon the slightest provocation. The shoe pegs or waxed ends in his mouth never interfered materially with his volubility. Nothing ever disturbed his good humor.

That was 40 years ago, but I remember the deeply sympathetic glance from the mild blue eyes of the old shoemaker as he turned them from the shoe he was trimming and bent them upon me one night after I had given crude expression to a desire to "see the world."

"You'll be disappointed, boy. There's nothing in it."—New York Herald.

Land in New York city has been sold at a price equal to $8,000,000 an acre, the highest in London at $5,000,000 an acre.

The Man Money Getter.

There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune and putting his fortune only to the basest uses, whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads himself or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his real iniquity.

These men are equally careless of the workingmen, whom they oppress, and of the state, whose existence they imperil. There are not very many of them, but there is a very great number of men who approach more or less closely to the type, and in so far as they do so approach they are curses to the country. The man who is content to let politics go from bad to worse, jesting at the corruption of politicians; the man who is content to see the maladministration of justice without an immediate and resolute effort to reform it, is shirking his duty and is preparing the way for infinite woe in the future.

Hard, brutal indifference to the right and an equally shortsightedness as to the inevitable results of corruption and injustice are baleful beyond measure, and yet they are characteristic of a great many Americans who consider themselves perfectly respectable and who are considered thriving, prosperous men by their easy going fellow citizens. —Theodore Roosevelt in Forum.

Mr. Hawthorne Was Satisfied.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a kind hearted man as well as a great novelist. While he was consul at Liverpool a young Yankee walked into his office. The boy had left home to seek his fortune, but evidently had not found it yet, although he had crossed the sea in search. Homesick, friendless, nearly penniless, he wanted a passage home. The clerk said that Mr. Hawthorne could not be seen and intimated that the boy was not an American, but was trying to steal a passage.

The boy stuck to his point, and the clerk at last went to the little room and said to Mr. Hawthorne:

"Here's a boy who insists upon seeing you. He says he's an American, but I know he isn't."

Hawthorne came out of the room and looked keenly at the eager, ruddy face of the boy.

"You want a passage to America?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say you're an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"From what part of America?"

"United States, sir."

"What state?"

"New Hampshire, sir."

"Town?"

"Exeter, sir."

Hawthorne looked at him for a minute before asking him the next question:

"Who sold the best apples in your town?"

"Skimmilk Folsom, sir," said the boy, with glistening eyes, as the old familiar byword brought up the dear old scenes of home.

"It's all right, sir," said Hawthorne, to the clerk. "Give him a passage."—Detroit Free Press.

A War of Pamphlets.

The two leading features of the famous sermon preached by Dr. Sacheverell in St. Paul's cathedral on Nov. 5, 1709, which led to his trial and all the paper war which raged around his name, were the denunciation of religious tolerance and the upholding of the doctrine of nonresistance to the crown in its extremest form. The Sacheverell pamphlets consist of short and catchpenny lives of the reverend hero, several sermons preached by him at various dates, attacks by dissenting writers on such sermons and their preacher, and other sermons and replies in support of the high church doctrines.

The list of Sacheverell pamphlets is a record of sermons, speeches, answers, letters, replies, thought, vindications and considerations, with endless variations of title, in long and wearisome procession. The total number of distinct and separate publications connected directly or indirectly with the controversy, enumerated by Mr. Falconer Madan in his "Bibliography of Sacheverell," amounts to no less than 226, and most of these are tracts, broadsides and pamphlets of the most ephemeral kind. Their enumeration is a triumph of bibliographical industry and patience and an astonishing proof of the strength and indeed violence of party feeling, both ecclesiastical and political, at the crisis of Queen Anne's reign.—Gentleman's Magazine.

"Gie Us a Lead."

Dean Hole, in his recent book, "More Memories," tells an amusing story of how an old woman got the better of her clergyman in an argument. The village churchyard was overcrowded, except on its sunless northernside, in which the suicide was buried. One day the vicar, while visiting a poor old woman who was nigh unto death, thought he would try to get her consent to be buried in the roomy northern plot.

He began by assuring her that the common aversion to burial in any particular portion of consecrated ground was a silly prejudice and a foolish superstition. Then he besought her, as a personal favor to himself and as an example to others, to permit her body to be buried in the northern plot of the churchyard.

The old woman thought it all over for a few minutes and then answered, "Well, sir, as you seem to think as one part of the churchyard is as good as another, and that it makes no difference where we be put, perhaps you'll gie us a lead."

The vicar did not grasp the argument, but he changed the subject.

BIG WARS CAUSED BY TRIFLES.

A Shaven Chin Cost France Three Million Lives—Modena's Bucket.

Many times it has happened that a great and costly war has been brought about by an incident trivial and even ridiculous.

Thus the war of the Spanish succession is said to have been caused through a glass of water. A lady, Mrs. Masham, was carrying a glass of water when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Torey. A slight scuffle ensued, and the water was spilled.

The marquis thereat took offense, and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that a war was declared.

The campaign cost France many severe battles—viz, Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1707; Audenarde, 1708, and Malplaquet, 1709.

Quite as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth of Modena.

A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a quarter, its annexation was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war.

Henry, the king of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

A third instance of a war resulting from a trifling cause was that between Louis VII of France and Henry II of England.

The archbishop of Rouen decreed that no one should wear long hair upon their heads or chins. Louis submitted to the decree, whereupon his wife, Eleanor, rallied him upon his appearance. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in the dissolution of the marriage and Eleanor's marriage with Henry.

By this marriage the broad domains in Normandy formerly belonging to Louis passed into the possession of Henry. Louis, hotly incensed, made an attack on Normandy, and henceforth, for nearly 300 years, arose those bloody and devastating wars which cost France upward of 3,000,000 of lives.—London Answers.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The Great Papal Statesman as He Appeared to a Painter.

Rudolph Lehmann's visit to Rome in 1857 led to the painter's introduction to the great papal statesman, Cardinal Antonelli. He says:

Before me sat that execrated statesman, "the best hated man in Rome," in the most affable of moods. His bronzed and somewhat oriental features were certainly far from handsome, but they were full of character, energy, and, according to some, cruelty, with the large, dark, piercing eyes overshadowed by a heavy brow, the strong aquiline nose and the full sensual lips. He was in a talkative mood and spoke freely of the difficulties that beset his onerous ministry, of the position of the papacy becoming daily more threatened through the ever increasing energy of its wicked enemies, or what he called "the modern spirits." "But," he added, "history teaches us that it has always triumphed in the long run, and it will do so now." He also told me that the worldly interests of the brothers Antonelli had never been separated; that they possessed all their worldly goods in common, one brother being director of the Banca Romana; one, the Conte Gregorio, taking care of their vast possessions in the Pontine marshes, a third being syndaco of Rome and the youngest being employed in diplomatic missions by the secretary of state.

During a short rest he showed me, with evident pride, over his elegant apartment, furnished with all the latest modern comforts. But the crowning climax was the bedroom, combining with the solemnity and mystery of the abode of a prince of the church all the luxuries of the boudoir of a petite maitresse. The walls, the curtains, as well as the hangings round the spacious four poster, were of the heaviest crimson damask, looped up with enormous tassels.—Boston Herald.

The Beauties of the Alleghanies.

The Alleghanies are fertile to the very summits, and not the least of their glories are their magnificent forests of oak, hickory, chestnut, maple, pine and other noble trees, in the spring when they are budding forth, in the summer when they are in the full bloom of maturity and when the laurel is in blossom, and in the fall, when the brilliant tints of red and gold and green and purple overwhelm one with a sense of Mother Nature's esthetic genius in always harmonizing such a profusion of colors.

After all, it is the thoroughly satisfactory sport to be had with the game sheltered in these mountains that most endears them to the man who has any taste whatever for that sort of thing. The conditions are perfect. The game ranges from quail, or, as the Virginians call it, partridge, to deer and bear, and especially this is one of the last strongholds of that noble game bird, the wild turkey.—Magazine of Travel.

The Nonprofessional Profile Head.

"I don know how many times I have seen people—I don't mean artists, but all sorts of people, including children—draw profile heads. It is common enough for anybody to draw them on a slate, a scrap of paper, anywhere," said Mr. Billtops, "but I don't remember ever to have seen any of them draw a right handed profile—I mean one facing to the right. I suppose there is some very simple reason for this, but I am acquainted only with the fact."—New York Sun.

A Bad Break.

"You brought all that beautiful china back with you?" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?"

"Nothing but the customs laws," replied the young lady, who had just returned from Europe.—Washington Star.

SAVED HER SLIPPERS.

A Bit of Hitherto Unpublished History of the War of 1812.

This is a chapter of semiofficial, semidomestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's family line, a Chicagoan who now lives on Dearborn avenue.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat, fourscore years ago, Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous shipbuilder, a man gallant not only in spirit, but in dress and manner. His fitness for his office is attested by the naval histories of the war of 1812. But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adornment until the luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went at once—to a very retired summer resort. Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable White House portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promoted by absence of body. This lady displayed in the face of danger presence of both mind and body. As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words:

"My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get them."

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers, which, it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with diamond buckles. In his headlong quest for these treasures—which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner, and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.—Chicago Tribune.

A Malay Water Slide.

In Perak, a state in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the bowlder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering and then slide down the 60 feet into a pool of water.

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 200 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.—London Little Folks.

Life In Japan.

"It is a curious, but accepted truth," comments the wife of a naval officer who has resided a number of years in Japan, "that Americans, as a class, do not long stand up against Japan life. There is something in the air, or something lacking in it, which is peculiarly trying to us. So many naval officers serving a three or six years' duty there have come home with an incurable complaint that it is common talk in the service. Two admirals have died of abcess of the liver after several years' residence there, and other officers have had their health seriously impaired under similar conditions. I never was seriously sick in my life till I got out to the island empire, and throughout my whole stay I fought something. The English residents do not seem to suffer as we do, which is also a commented upon fact."—New York Times.

Pianos.

Excellent pianos may be bought in Europe at perhaps two-thirds the cost of a like instrument here, and even individuals can import pianos to advantage in spite of the tariff. But a fact that works pretty effectually to protect the home manufacturer is that either the American climate or the usual steam heat tends to destroy the imported piano, so that even the temptation of saving from $200 to $500 on the first cost does not induce many persons to take the risk of an instrument that cannot stand the climate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

England's Tobacco Law.

An antiquarian says that tobacco cannot be used in England save by a violation of law. In 1660 a law was made prohibiting the growth or importation of tobacco beyond a few hundred pounds of leaves every year, "to be used in medicine." It is said that this statute has never been repealed.

Bettered.

"I would like to improve my opportunities," said the good boy.

"Get the firm to leave more money in the cash drawer," suggested the lad of evil propensities.—Detroit Tribune.

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Div 9—Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Kannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 486 W Erie st; Daniel Kiley, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meet in Ancient hall, cor Grand av and Carolina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 36th st; Patrick Hodge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Muihall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4625 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Conley's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Donerty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4416 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, v p; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 28—P J Reilly, Pres, P O Box 356, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., 10810 Calhoun av; P C Barnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-p; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 3437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 550 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 87th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 915 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Rahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Ealer, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1637 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3d Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Seumitt; T, L B Schugemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3080 Joseph st; R S, T F Praile, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuire; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 200 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmann; T, P Mueller

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 332 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 2d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
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OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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ESTATE OF ELLA LUSHER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Ella Lusher, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 18, 1895.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator. With the will annexed.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the Estate of Margaret Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 9, 1895.

MARGARET KEHOE,
AGNES E. KEHOE,
Administratrix with the will annexed.

Sullivan & Healy Attorneys.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF PAUL LAWLESS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Paul Lawless, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 28, 1895.

ELLEN McGINTY, Executrix.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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